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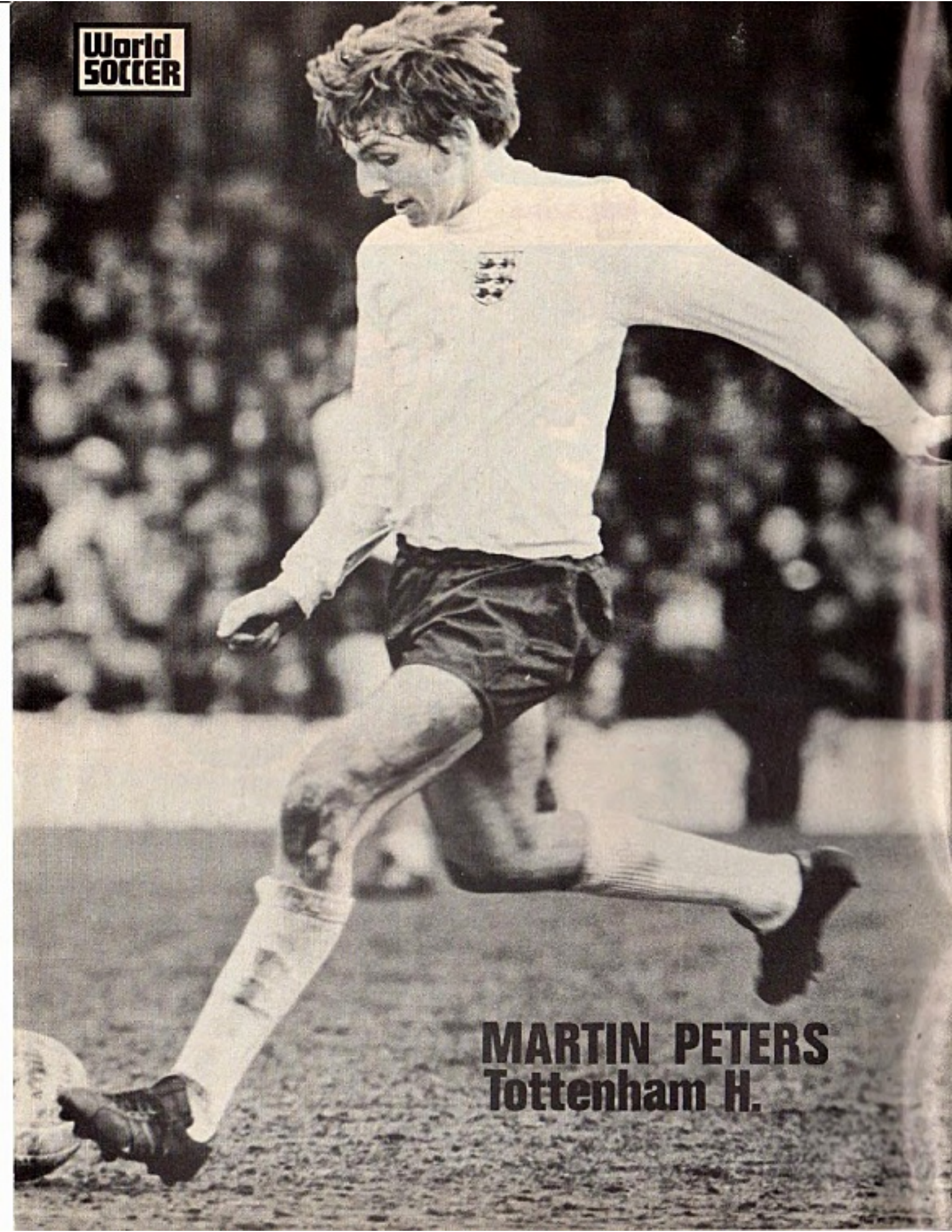
World SOCCER
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WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

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Full-time referees should be introduced

CONTROVERSIAL decisions by referees during the later part of the season and during the Home International Championship caused a good deal of argument on the subject of professional referees.

"Paying referees more money would not make them better at their job," say some, adding that referees do their best regardless of the amount of money they receive for their services.

But, surely, it is not simply the increased financial rewards that *could* enhance the standard of refereeing at a senior level but the fact that the officials would be able to devote considerably more time to achieving a higher standard and greater uniformity amongst themselves.

Full-time referees would be able to meet regularly to discuss various aspects of the game and perhaps even be encouraged to visit Football League grounds in an effort to clear up any problems players might have about interpretation of the rules.

There is no doubt that at present what one referee may allow another will not. Full-time officials would be able to achieve uniformity. They themselves would consequently be in a much stronger position.

Meeting the players would enable referees to lay down the Laws of the game, leaving their charges in no doubt as to what they could expect should they contravene the regulations. And they would also be able to go abroad to meet their colleagues from Europe and South America. But until we achieve uniformity at home we will never reach the desired situation where referees the world over operate to the same code.

THE EDITOR

COVER PICTURE

Peter Shilton, our front cover subject this month, has spent much of his career following in the footsteps of Gordon Banks. Shilton took over as Leicester City goalkeeper when Banks left for Stoke and has been his understudy in a number of international matches.

ROGER MACDONALD

. . . who has seen both the finalists in action recently compares the two teams man-for-man.

CRUYFF IS THE MAN TO WATCH

GOALKEEPERS: The only position in which **Ajax** cannot really match their opponents, for Heinz Stuy is chosen more for his reliability than his brilliant technique. For a long time Stuy played in the reserves, and even now his experience of European football is limited. Stuy will not concede any foolish goals; but on the other hand, he will hardly stop the unstoppable.

Panathinaikos can probably field two goalkeepers superior to Stuy — Tavis Ikonomopolous and Viktor Konstantinau. Ikonomopolous, not the sort of name that rolls easily off the tongue, is called the "Black Cat" in Greece — scarcely original, but nevertheless an accurate association with his feline grace. His best performance certainly came against Everton at Goodison Park —his worst in the first leg of the semi-final against Red Star in Belgrade, when Puskas took him off in the second half. Konstantinau, the substitute, made a series of bold saves and kept his place for the second leg; but he has less experience and it is a finely balanced problem for Ferenc Puskas to choose between them.

Superior

FULL-BACKS: Here Wim Suurbier and Ruud Krol are clearly superior to their Greek counterparts, Jean Tomaras and Dimitiri Caglieris. Suurbier is extremely fast, likes to come up with the attack and scored two goals in the earlier rounds during Ajax's progress to the final. Ruud Krol got his chance with Ajax when Van Duivenbode moved to Feyenoord and made such a spectacular start to his career that Holland capped him almost immediately, against England in November 1969, when Krol was only 19.

Tomaras is a little too rough for the purist, but a strong tackler who, when told to mark a player, sticks to him like a leech. Caglieris, only 18, plays equally well in the centre as on the flanks; he is a powerful player, quick and clever in the penalty area.

CENTRE-BACKS: *Not much to choose between them. Barry Hulsoff shows a great deal of stamina for Ajax, and he, too, has moved up with the attack to score a surprise goal. But he tends to be drawn out of position rather too easily by the more sophisticated opponent, and his powers of recovery are not all that they might be. Panathinaikos have made a fine discovery in George Kapsir, still a student, who came into the first team at the beginning of the season. Kapsir puts a great deal into every match but lacks the ability to play himself out of trouble and—when I saw him, at least—frequently mistimed his headed clearances.*

Joe Royle of Everton goes close to scoring against Panathinaikos in Greece.

FREE-BACKS: Using this term not in its strict sense, because both Aristidis Kamaras and Ajax's Velibor Vasovic prefer a free role: they can play with equal facility behind or alongside the back line or move upfield when the pressure is relieved. Kamaras, now 31, has played nearly 30 times for Greece and is quite capable of holding the best players in Europe in check on a good day. Not very tall, he compensates with marvellous positional sense and timing.

Vasovic, born in Yugoslavia, played for Partizan Belgrade in the 1966 European Cup Final when they were beaten 2-1 by Real Madrid. In those days he was a midfield man pure and simple, but advancing years have pulled him back into the rear *a la* McLintock. Vasovic is the organiser of the Dutch defence: deceive him, and you break through. He claims this is his last season in Holland, but if Ajax win the European Cup the temptation to stay may be too much for him.

MIDFIELD: For Ajax, Nico Rijnders and Johan Neeskens; for Panathinaikos, Dimitro Sourpis and Costas Eleytherakis; the Dutch look much the stronger.

Rijnders and Neeskens are a new partnership with some exciting skills and a high range of imagination. Rijnders, signed from Go Ahead Deventer in 1969, settled down quickly with Ajax and was soon a regular international. Strong and decisive, he works well with his defence. Neeskens, the great white hope of the season, was discovered by an old Ajax player, Groot, playing for Haarlem. Like Krol he was given an immediate chance in the national side against Rumania late last year, and he played against Celtic

AJAX (Holland) v PANATHINAIKOS (Greece)

European Cup Final Preview

Wembley, June 2nd 1971

with a broken nose—the legacy of a tough match with Telstar in the Dutch League.

Sourpis is a clever player who uses his limited range of skills to their best advantage; often you do not realise that he is on the field, which is a sure sign that he is doing a lot behind the scenes. His ability to make the ball work for other players is his strongest point. But there is some doubt about his fitness, because he is spending a lot of time in his more durable profession—he is a qualified doctor.

Eleytherakis was suspended by UEFA for the confrontation with Red Star, and Panathinaikos decidedly missed his talent in midfield, where even at 20 he shows enormous flair—especially in delicate long-range passing and combination play at high speed. Eleytherakis is already a regular Greek international, but his temperament is highly suspect, so Puskas may wonder whether he can risk him in so important a match.

Situation

WINGERS: Ajax have a surfeit of them—all extremely delightful to watch; but for Panathinaikos they are largely inside-forwards masquerading as wingers.

Let's take the Dutchmen first—Sjaak Swart and Piet Keizer. Swart is tricky, but unimaginative, and lacks the versatility to play a full part in the modern game when the situation requires it. Keizer is a player of changing moods—at his best, galvanised into one flowing, irresistible movement; at his worst a winger going merely through the motions. In the mid-'60s, he was Holland's match winger; then he faded only to come back into the reckoning two years ago during Ajax's run to the 1969 European final ... which ended of course in a 4-1 defeat at the hands of AC Milan. This season Ajax have tended to experiment with Keizer as a striker pure and simple, a role he is disinclined to accept, although with his shooting prowess, he could be the match-winner.

Harry Grammos, another Greek international of long experience, is a little in the Armstrong mould: able to perform the orthodox functions of the dribbler and sprinter, yet making his contribution felt in midfield, by challenging back for possession. Grammos is extremely fit, able to run and run; much fitter, frankly, than his counterpart on the left wing, George Deliyannis, who needs to cut inside the back to be fully effective on the ball. I expect Puskas to leave out Deliyannis for this match if Eleytherakis returns to the side.

INSIDE-FORWARDS: When Ajax play an attacking game, they use either Dick Van Dijk (there's a name to set the TV addicts speculating) or Horst Blankenburg; while Panathinaikos rely on Taylis Fylakouris and Dimitri Domazos.

Van Dijk, whose form this season hardly encourages one to forecast his selection, got 30 goals to share the First Division scoring trophy last year. Ajax duly signed him from FC Twente, but he has found it difficult to adjust his style. His conspicuous lack of success may have encouraged the Ajax manager Rinus Michels to go for Blankenburg, signed from Munich 1860 for a substantial fee. Blankenburg, better known as a winger while he was in Germany, has appeared as a substitute striker in key matches to considerable effect. While he lacks the subtlety of a Grabowski, his powerful running can open up a flagging defence.

Fylakouris is always to be found where the going is toughest and wins the ball well in the penalty area; but he is not the quickest of players, and his lack of mobility has often left Panathinaikos short of manpower up front from the quick breakaway. Domazos, in contrast, is an international striker of the highest class. His technique, intelligence and enormous range of skills make him easily the most outstanding player in Greece over the last few years. Given any man to man situation, I would back Domazos to get in his shot and more often than not, to score.

Revelation

CENTRE-FORWARD: Two fascinating protagonists—Antonis Antoniadis of the Greeks, and Holland's Johann Cruyff.

Antoniadis has been the revelation of this European Cup—ten goals in six games, including two against Red Star that put them on the way to a sensational defeat in Athens. Lanky and lithe, Antoniadis has a touch of the Anthony Perkins about him—that easy confidence of a man who knows what he wants, and how to get it without the slightest digression from his lazy style. Every centre-half in Europe has found Antoniadis an awkward opponent, and given the passes to run on to, he can score some tremendous goals. But on a day Antoniadis doesn't want to play ... well, he might as well be propped up by a corner flag.

Cruyff is the *enfant terrible* of Dutch football—not in the sense that he has a vicious streak (although the Dutch FA did suspend him for a whole year from internationals following an incident in a game with Czechoslovakia) rather that rumours of his likely transfer and rows with club officials follow one another in an unending procession. This season Cruyff walked off the field claiming he was injured, but when he was examined by doctors, they could find nothing wrong with him. And Ajax have repeatedly said that they will not hold him to his contract any longer.

But more recently it seems Cruyff has made up his mind to stay, and although he has yet to score a goal in the 1970-71 European Cup—incredible for a player with his gliding, irresistible motion and lethal accuracy—he may make up this deficiency at Wembley.

Or he may not—and in Antoniadis and Cruyff lies the key to the score (not to the match, which I believe is a foregone conclusion for Ajax). With both at their best, the Dutch club could win 4-2. But Antoniadis and Cruyff remind me of the little girl in the nursery rhyme, who "when she was good, was very very good, but when she was bad ... she was horrid".

Piet Keizer of Ajax—a player of changing moods.

JACK ROLLIN looks back and traces the history of the European Cup

NEW NAM TROPHY T

A DECADE or so ago it would have been difficult to imagine any other club winning the European Cup than Real Madrid. Five years ago the idea of a Dutch club and a Greek club reaching the final together would have sent everyone falling about. Yet such is the changing pattern of the world's second most popular competition, that Ajax Amsterdam and Panathinaikos are ready to confront each other at Wembley on June 2.

It would be easy to analyse this trend by saying that the situation is a direct result of falling standards but there is some truth in this statement. Perhaps the individual brilliance and attacking forte of Real Madrid was exceptional and certainly is unlikely to be seen again, but Benfica made a creditable attempt to emulate their Iberian neighbours when the Spaniards finally began to break up. And, love or hate them, Internazionale Milan with the arch-priest of *catenaccio* Helenio Herrera manipulated them to a defensive perfection.

The pendulum swung from uninhibited attacking football to the negative blanket defensive game, giving the no-hopers more hope than ever before. Still Celtic and Manchester United raised the flag of not only British claims but of the cause that flair and flourish could still win the day. Moreover was it at last possible that we had managed to get the hang of these funny foreigners!

Advancement

In the past three years the achievement of Dutch teams Ajax and Feyenoord in getting to the final has confirmed the tremendous advancement of Dutch football. It has certainly been no isolated fluke. But they are not reckless buccaneers bent solely on plundering for 90 minutes. They wait cautiously for the opening and then strike swiftly. Ajax are hardly recognisable from their side of five years ago in style at least and their defence has tightened up considerably.

If such things were possible a clash of the present style with Real's peak of the late 1950s would present a fascinating spectacle.

Still, the European Champions Cup has come a long way since the first competition in 1955–56 when 16 teams were invited to enter the initial campaign. Not all the participants were champion clubs that season. Sporting Lisbon (Portugal) and Partizan Belgrade (Yugoslavia) made history as the first clubs to play in a European Cup game. That was on September 4, 1955. Six goals were shared in this game and goals seemed to be plentiful those days. In the first final Real won by the odd goal in seven against Reims of France.

In spite of the small entry close on a million people watched the games and the financial success of the venture soon made it an established part of the scene. In the 1956–57 season the list of entries went up to 22 and England was represented for the first time by Manchester United. They took ten goals off Anderlecht in one game at Old Trafford. I bet they would be hard pressed to do it now....

Indicate

But it was Real who fought their way to the final again. They had the extra advantage of a home game in Madrid when they met the Italians Fiorentina, who were going to give nothing away in defence and indicate the trend towards defensive football which was to become all too apparent and stifling in the years to follow. Real won by two clear goals in front of 125,000 fans.

The latter stages of the 1957–58 tournament were marred, of course, by the Munich air disaster as Manchester United were poised on the edge of greatness with probably their finest ever team. Their patched up team tried bravely to get to the final but it was AC Milan who met Real in Brussels. Extra time was needed before the Spaniards won through by the odd goal in five.

For the first time one player reached double figures during a season. He was the master himself, Alfredo Di Stefano, who hit ten goals in the campaign including getting one in the final.

Di Stefano had a scoring spree the following season, netting four goals against Wiener Sportklub in one match. Again Real made it to the final where their opponents were Reims, who had finished finalists in the first ever European Cup. Reims lost again, this time 2-0. But their brilliant striker, Just Fontaine, despite being deprived of his other half Raymond Kopa—playing for Real—ended up top marksman with ten goals.

Real Madrid came up for the 1959–60 season hoping for their fifth successive title. A team of that corny phrase—all the talents—managed to slaughter everyone either by results or just in ability. The final was due at Hampden Park, Glasgow, and the Scots turned up in their thousands to watch Real play Eintracht Frankfurt.

Academic

By any other standards, the Germans were not a bad side. Against the Spaniards at their peak they were barely on the same planet. That they scored three goals against Real was academic for with Di Stefano and Ferenc Puskas twisting and funnelling through time after time the holders rattled up a fantastic seven goals for the most memorable Cup Final of all time. Puskas

Piet Keizer the Ajax outside-left has three Atletico Madrid defenders on tenterhooks during the second leg match in Amsterdam, won 3-0 by Ajax who qualified for the European Cup Final on a 3-1 aggregate.

E ON THE HIS YEAR

Panathinaikos goalkeeper Takis Ikonomopulos.
OTHER PICTURE

claimed four and Di Stefano three. Puskas was top scorer with 12.

But the party was over. Real lost in 1960–61 to fellow Spaniards Barcelona and never again recaptured the heights of previous achievements. A new name was inscribed on the trophy, that of Portugal's Benfica, for whom centre-forward Jose Aguas hit 11 goals that term. In the final they overcame Real's conquerors 3-2 in Berne to take the cup out of Spain for the first time.

Real, however, were not easily crushed. Back they came in 1961–62 to reach the final in Amsterdam. A first-half Puskas hat-trick gave them an odd-goal advantage over Benfica, appearing in their second successive final, but the new holders swamped them after the break and won 5-3 with Eusebio staking a claim as Europe's most dangerous marksman.

Already it was being said that Benfica were about to assume the mantle of the Spaniards as the all-powerful force in Europe. For the first time the 1962–63 final was due at Wembley. Benfica made their way to the ultimate stage again where they clashed with AC Milan. Handicapped by injury to Mario Coluna, their efforts faded after a bright start and the Italians prevented a hat-trick and all further thoughts of another Real by winning 2-1. The final crowd was a disappointing 45,000.

Defensive-minded Italian sides were doing well in the competition and the following season AC Milan's stable companions, Inter, were in the final. Oddly enough the previous season Jose Altafini had set up a new individual scoring record with 14 goals! Not bad for a defensive side. . . .

Past glories

But Inter had the measure of Real in the final. The Spaniards were now living on past glories but still showed flashes of their former brilliance. Inter were the new masters, however, winning 3-1. Having accounted for the old masters in this game they settled the young pretenders to Real's crown the following season when they beat Benfica 1-0 in the final of the 1964–65 competition. Benfica were again in trouble with injuries and Inter's defence was not going to be worried. One goal was enough but it was a poor match.

The Real Madrid side which reached the final in 1965–66 was one which had only the evergreen Francisco Gento of the original squad a decade before. But the new look side still proved too good for Partizan Belgrade, though they only won by the odd goal in three. Yet this was not to be the start of a new era by the Spaniards.

Not once had the European Cup left Latin shores. But this was changed in 1966–67. Celtic at their peak of attacking fluency lined up to face Inter in Lisbon. Inter were at their peak, but probably about to go over the hill. They were utterly destroyed by the Scots' persistent attacking.

But what Scotland did one day, England did the next. Manchester United brought the Cup to the home country in 1967–68, beating Benfica 4-1 at Wembley,

Mimis Domazes of Panathinaikos.
OTHER PICTURE

but only after the Portuguese had forced them to extra time. This time 100,000 watched the final. But generally goals were scarce. For the second year in succession the top scorer in the competition had only managed six goals. Defences dominated the scene.

Thus it was all the more ironic that AC Milan should not only fight their way to the Madrid final of 1968–69 but beat Ajax, famed for their swashbuckling forward play, by four goals to one! Such are the vagaries of the game. . . .

Victory

In 1969–70 Celtic again came back to something like their form of a couple of years earlier and hopes were high for another Scottish victory. But they were below form in the game with Feyenoord and the Dutch showed more expertise and resilience, gaining the verdict in extra time.

In 15 seasons only seven clubs had won the European Cup. The competition has regularly attracted 2,000,000 for the past ten years and has been a tremendous money-spinner. Though the home and away ties have encouraged defensive football giving poor sides the edge over adventurous ones. Unfortunately you cannot expect to have a successful competition with money flowing in and still get the kind of football the purist dreams about.

Reverse was explicable

CRVENA ZVEZDA, the reigning Yugoslav champions, made their major targets for the current season the European Cup and their domestic cup. After considerable experience of Cup campaigns their experiences against going for too much prevailed.

In the semi-final of their FA Cup Red Star disposed of Velez Mostar without undue effort taking four goals without reply. It looked as if their final opponents would be Dinamo Zagreb, a traditional Cup-fighting team with former international wing-half Zlatko "Tschik" Cajkowski back from the *Bundesliga* as their boss. Hanging on to the pacemakers Hajduk Split and Partizan Belgrade in the championship race they fell 1-0 victims to general surprise to unknown Slobodo (Tuzla), a factory team from Serbia.

In the championship race, Hajduk and Partizan still lead though neither side has displayed any kind of consistency in their performances. Generally matching each others results, the race is still wide open with everyone throwing away unexpected points.

Hajduk, for example, beat third placed Dinamo emphatically by 3-1 before a sell-out crowd of 30,000, while Partizan accounted for Radnicki 5-1. The following week, however, Hajduk crashed 1-3 away to OFK Beograd, while Partizan slumped 0-4 against Dinamo in Zagreb.

Partizan's reverse was at least explicable with their international 'keeper Curkovic called up by the army and reserve Drljaca unfit, they were forced to play their inexperienced third choice, Markovic, and he not perhaps surprisingly made the team pay heavily for his errors.

Goal-less

In the next round all the leaders dropped points, Hajduk and Partizan being forced to accept goal-less draws at home while Dinamo were surprisingly beaten by Olympija in Ljubljana.

The weekend before Red Star's second encounter with Panathinaikos, Zeljeznicar recorded an easy 4-1 win in the capital where the champions fielded seven reserves against them.

With nine games left all round, Hajduk and Partizan share the lead with Dinamo and Zeljeznicar both two points away. At the other end of the table the miners' team FK Bor, who won the Cup three years ago when in Division II, are pulling away from the danger zone, leaving Crvenka, Borac and Sloboda in the greatest danger.

Petar Krivokuca, right-back of current Yugoslav Champions, Red Star, in happier days.

Gornik reach final again...

WARSAW clubs Gwardia (v. Gornik Zabrze) and Legia (v. Zaglebie Sosnowiecz) went out of the Polish FA Cup at the quarter-final stage while Ruch Chorzow needed a series of penalties before they overcame ROW Rybnik. In the semi-finals Ruch were again involved with decisive penalties after drawing twice (1-1 each time) v. Gornik in what the experts claim was the final.

The other half of the draw brought together GKS Kattowice and Zaglebie Sosnowiecz, the latter winning 2-0 and 1-2 to earn the right to meet Gornik in the final at Chorzow's 100,000 capacity stadium.

In the championship race Gornik still appear to be fated, invariably beating Legia, the Warsaw Army team, but unable to consolidate their success. In the autumn campaign Legia were beaten only once, 1-3 against Gornik, but they were six points clear at the half-way mark. Now, with seven games to go, Legia lead Gornik by three points though the Zabrze club has a game in hand and still have to entertain the champions.

Gwardia appear to be more or less booked for relegation but a rare struggle is going on to determine who accompanies them back to Division II. The issue lies between three clubs, all from Silesia—GKS Katowice and the two Bytom clubs, Polonia and Szombierki.

National team manager Kazimierz Gorski promoted from the Under-23 job after the 0-5 defeat in autumn against East Germany forced Rychard Koncewicz to quit was more than a little concerned before the European championship clash with Albania.

His Legia-Gornik combination had a week together and a run-out against Switzerland in Lausanne, which they won 4-2, but in Tirana the much-improved Albanians earned a 1-1 draw. Gorski, the fifth man to take the hot seat in Poland in four years, now has the difficult task of taking three points from West Germany or face failure that can only end one way.

Russia introduces two-legged Cup-ties

HAVING trimmed the Division I programme in Russia to 30 matches by reducing the number of clubs from 18 to 16, the FA have saved little or nothing by introducing two-legged ties for the Red Army Cup. Adding to the farcical situation, Cup games were scheduled for early April with the result that in some ties, for example Dynamo Kiev v. Zenith Leningrad, both legs had to be played on neutral grounds.

Zenith beat Kiev 1-0 on aggregate, while champions CSKA Moscow went out 2-2 on aggregate (on the away goals rule) when in fact both legs were played "away". The biggest surprise, however, was the emphatic elimination of Dynamo Moscow, who were unceremoniously beaten 2-0 and 4-0 by Neftschi Baku. In the second game centre-forward Anatoli Banichewski helped himself to three goals—celebrating his return to the game after a two-year suspension ... for unsportsmanlike behaviour.

Seven goals

Sarja Voroschilovgrad got off to a fine start. Unbeaten for six games they ran up nine points, beating champions CSKA 2-0 and holding runners-up Spartak Moscow to 1-1. Dynamo Kiev finally ended their run in a top of the table clash that put the Kiev club clear of the field after a 1-0 win.

By this time all the grounds were open and Kiev scoring seven goals to one in six games have pulled in two crowds in excess of 60,000.

More than 50,000 saw the first match of the campaign at the Lenin stadium in Moscow. Spartak finding it difficult to score goals could only draw 1-1 with Dynamo Tbilissi, bossed now by World Cup manager Gavril Katchalin.

In the first weeks of the season the army clubs have not fared well at all—champions CSKA losing to Sarja and Kairat Alma Ata, while Army Sport Klub Rostov are bottom of the table. Without a win in six games ASK Rostov held CSKA to 0-0 but could use someone like their former international centre-forward Victor Ponedelnik, who is now one of the most influential figures in the Russian game as leader writer of *Sovietski Sport*.

Panathinaikos coach Ferenc Puskas with club captain Domazos after they had beaten Red Star in Athens.

Foreign coaches boom in Greece

IMPORTED coaches are all the rage in Greece, though two years ago the Ministry of Sport frowned on East Europeans. Division I clubs have no fewer than ten bosses from the East—five Yugoslavs, three Hungarians, and one each from Rumania and Czechoslovakia. In addition there are, of course, also four Englishmen making it difficult for Greek coaches to land top jobs.

One Greek who can't be happy with the course events have taken is national team manager Lakis Petropoulos, who has been forced to take second place behind Ferenc Puskas and the interests of Panathinaikos, the 1970 champions. In the World Cup qualifying matches the Greeks chased Rumania home—drawing twice with them for an honourable second place—but with Panathinaikos sneaking into the European Cup Final he has been forced to leave out players like Mimis Domazos, key man in midfield and captain for club and country.

Puskas has acquired a reputation as a wizard in Greece, for no one believed it possible that Panathinaikos could overcome teams like Slovan Bratislava and Everton and even after two miracles the recovery from 1-4 down against Yugoslavia's Red Star seemed impossible.

In Belgrade Puskas judged goalkeeper Ikonomopoulos (an automatic choice for the national team for five years) to have been responsible for three goals and put on his second string 'keeper Konstantinu. Though 24 years old he has barely played half a dozen games in the first XI but has earned under 23 caps.

Gambled

Puskas gambled and won, justifying in Greek eyes at least, his £1,000 a month salary and enormous bonuses that already top £8,000 and if Panathinaikos beat Ajax in the final—it will be worth 600,000 Drachmae or a little over £10,000.

Puskas's success and the failures of Olympiakos have opened up the Greek championship and allowed less fashionable clubs to figure prominently. In the championship AEK have led most of the way with Panionios the only serious challenger six points behind. Iraklis occupy third place with Panathinaikos sixth, having four games in hand that they are scheduled to play off in 12 days and clearly will not risk injury to key men.

ITALY BEAT EIRE

Eire goalkeeper Kelly saves from an Italian attack in Dublin.

from PHILIP EVANS in Dublin

NOT unexpectedly, the Italians, clear favourites to win their group in the European Championship, had a much tougher task on their hands when they came to play their return leg against Eire. In December and Florence the 3-0 scoreline in favour of the Italians adequately commented on the weakness of the Irish team that day, gave a fair representation of the difference between the two teams. This later affair was a different matter altogether.

It was a match that the Italians needed to approach without complacency and they didn't take the lesson enough to heart. If it is true that even the best of Eire's teams seldom contain more than three or four top-quality players, then at least the rest have the benefit of playing in the English leagues, subscribing wholeheartedly to the English version of the game—fast and furious, never prepared to be overawed by opposition and sense of occasion.

Encounter

Valcareggi went into the match with eight of the players who featured in the World Cup Final—Burgnich and Facchetti; Bertini, Rosato and Cera; Mazzola, Boninsegna and De Sisti. Corso played on the left of the midfield, Prati on the left of the attack, Zoff retained the place he had won from Albertosi in the previous, disastrous encounter against Spain at Cagliari three months previously.

There was little that was subtle about Eire's play; and lack of subtlety is often the best method of playing against the Italians. Conway and Heighway ran at Facchetti and Burgnich on the wings and gave each many bad moments. The Inter manager, Invernizzi, had watched Heighway play two days previously at Wembley and had given Burgnich advice on how to cope with the problem of the fast-moving wing. His advice was either ignored or miscalculated. Burgnich is not the fastest of movers. His strength is in the tackle, in positional play. He stood off Heighway and had an uncomfortable match.

Perhaps one should not be too hard on Burgnich, having to revert to full-back after such a splendid season in the role of *libero*. But it is typical—and I think very understandable—that Valcareggi should have recalled Cera as sweeper, despite massive injury problems and lack of complete fitness. Cera was one of the few genuine successes of last summer. In the event he had a fair match, still lacking complete self-confidence, but with that visionary attitude of his that has helped to make the Italian defence less uninteresting than usual.

Rosato sealed off Givens in the centre of the defence, but then Rosato is a quality player with a grand feel for the big occasion. And Bertini had a fine match, one of the best he has played for Italy, at last emerging from the unsubtle lethargy that overtook him midway through last season.

Dovetailed

In the attack Boninsegna confirmed that he is at the peak of his form, a *bona fide* star in his own right, quick into his stride and with galvanic shooting power at his disposal. He and Prati dovetailed well, so well that the question of Riva's return nearly assumes the guise of a problem. Can Boninsegna really be expected to work as Riva's lieutenant when he is in form such as this? Italy's next match against Sweden on June 9 may provide the answer.

Corso played his first game for Italy for four years and played reasonably well. Both he and De Sisti like to play on the left side of the field, and too often they got into each others way. I doubt whether there is genuinely room for both of them in future and against sterner opposition. But Mazzola had, I thought, another excellent match, not at the top of his form but full of spirit, nevertheless, a performance shot through with his usual feeling for space and time.

Not, then, a thoroughly flabby performance, but still some way away from the sort of form that wins world and European titles. The Italians came for one point, collected two, went home happy, played some good football in an entertaining match. But the feeling persists that if only they would rid themselves of all their complexes, cut down on neurosis and play to the extent of their collective talent they would gain many more friends and wave a farewell to so many of their worries.

Two players banned by St. Etienne

TWO of France's top players, international goalkeeper Georges Carnus and centre-half Bernard Bosaulier, have been dropped by their club, St. Etienne, following a major controversy which has split two of the country's top teams.

Both players' contracts with St. Etienne ended this season and they were holding talks with Marseilles, who are seriously challenging St. Etienne for the league title, with a view to joining the club.

A communique issued by St. Etienne officials said their players' contracts had been terminated because the players' actions were "contrary to sporting behaviour and to the psychological well-being of the team".

Recently Carnus was attacked by spectators after St. Etienne had lost a match.

World Soccer newsdesk

Three-match ban imposed on Eindhoven

THE European Football Union (UEFA) have taken disciplinary action against the Dutch club PSV Eindhoven following a recent incident at their ground. Irish linesman David Barrett was hit on the head by a beer can during Eindhoven's European Cup Winners Cup tie against Real Madrid on April 14.

UEFA have now informed the club that their next two home ties in any European competition cannot be played on the PSV ground. UEFA will decide where such matches would be played.

PSV have also been instructed to do everything possible to prevent any recurrence of such incidents. Mr. Barrett had to have hospital treatment after being hit. The PSV club directors, supported by the Royal Dutch Football Association, are to appeal against the ban.

England and West Germany will meet in an international at Wembley on March 28, 1973, the West German Football Association has announced. The West German FA also said that England had accepted "in principle" an invitation to play an international in Germany at the end of 1973 or in the spring of 1974. The match is to be played at one of the new or improved grounds to be prepared for the World Cup matches in Germany in 1974. The Germans have suggested November 21, 1973, or March 27, 1974, as alternative dates for the match.

Ten policemen and ten spectators were injured in a riot at a match in Haifa, Israel, when the referee awarded a penalty to a Jewish team against an Israeli Arab side. Fifty-five people were arrested and the referees fled in terror when the crowd started throwing stones and bottles before invading the pitch.

The game was a crucial third division match between Kiryat Bialik and the Arab town of Majdal Krum to decide promotion to the second division. About 800 Jewish and Arab fans watched a goalless first half amid mounting tension.

When the referee awarded a penalty to Kiryat Bialik after 20 minutes of the second half, three excited Majdal players attacked a Kiryat player. Spectators joined in the battle which was only quelled after the arrival of 40 extra policemen. The match was abandoned.

Chinese premier Chou En Lai has received a football team from Congo-Brazzaville, according to reports from the New China News Agency. In another sample of sports diplomacy, he chatted with the players and posed with them for photographs. The Chinese premier expressed the hope to the Congolese Army team that through competition and learning from each other, the sportsmen of China and the Congo would help promote friendship between their peoples.

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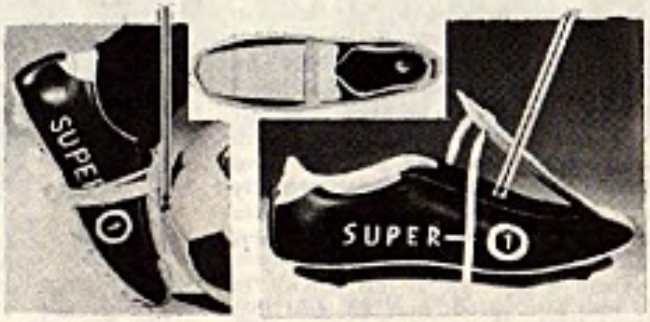

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LEEDS AND MR TINKLER

OH, that offside law and its endless paradoxes. . . . It was an odd coincidence that, precisely on the evening of that notorious match between Leeds United and West Bromwich Albion, I should be visited by that diligent referee, Stan Lover, with a presentation copy of his pleasing new book, "Association Football Laws Illustrated". Since I have had recent occasion to be slighting about a number of Pelham Books, may I say at once that this one does them credit; a lucid, admirably produced, useful and diverting publication, which actually succeeds in bringing the laws to life and making them not only clearer, but interesting.

There is no need, at this remove, to go into great detail over the goal that Mr. Tinkler allowed, and that Leeds United deplored, at Elland Road. In my view, Suggett, when Norman Hunter's careless pass cannoned off Tony Brown, was ludicrously offside, but it was not Mr. Tinkler's view, and let me say at once that not only is the referee's decision final (Leeds please note) but that in a case like this, it is indisputable.

To make myself clear, let me turn, as I did at the time, to the book. On page 57, we find the following: "Summarising the Off-side law. In every possible situation, only two questions need answering:

"(i) Is the player in an off-side position when the ball is played by one of his own side?" (This is a matter of FACT.)

"(ii) Is he interfering with play (or opponent) or trying to gain an advantage?" (This is a matter of OPINION.)

Semantics

Now in the notorious case of Brown, Suggett and, ultimately, Astle, no one disputes that Suggett was in an offside position. Moreover, it was a very central position. But was he interfering with the play? Was he trying to gain an advantage? I submit that these are questions so wide and woolly in their scope that a definitive answer is impossible. It becomes a matter of semantics which would surely tax the wits even of so distinguished a philosopher, and as ardent a football fan, as Sir Freddie (A. J.) Ayer; though as a Tottenham supporter, he would at least be impartial. Indeed, it is tipping to observe, with Dickens, that if the law says that, then the law is an ass.

First, take the word "interfering". How to define it? Certainly it must mean more than simply trying to play, or getting in the way of, the ball. Interference may presumably be constituted by distraction. Was Suggett, in his offside position, in any way distracting the Leeds defence? Hardly; for by moving up, they had rendered him harmless.

Now we come to the second, equally elusive criterion: was he trying to gain advantage? Short of putting the poor fellow on the witness stand under hypnotism, how can we ever find out? I see what the law means, right enough, but again, it has navigated into deep waters. If you embrace a *reductio ad absurdum*, you might say that a footballer inattentive enough to get himself in an offside position — and Suggett, remember, was there already; he didn't run there—then far from seeking an advantage, he has been taken advantage *of*, as the defensive line sneaks furtively upfield.

Valid case

Thus Mr. Tinkler, though you and I —and certainly I—may disagree with him may put a perfectly valid case. And since he was the referee, there's no arguing with it.

It seemed to me that Leeds' behaviour after the incident, and its beastly aftermath, was far from noble. It was hard to blame Don Revie, always an emotional and perhaps a thin skinned man, for exploding as he did on television. If he had not, then he wouldn't be the gifted, thin skinned, emotional, vastly talented manager we all know him to be. (And I for one, despite the

Arsenal's vital goal against Stoke City in their last home match of the season . . . Eddie Kelly (12) was the scorer.

askance with which he is wont to eye me, consider his achievement at Elland Road nothing less than astonishing, a proof of what sheer managerial ability can do in an unpromising situation.)

But the behaviour, when tempers had time to cool, of such as Mr. Percy Woodward, the Leeds chairman, was altogether less endearing. Indeed, it was deeply worrying. For once you start justifying an invasion of the field by spectators, under *any* circumstances, you are opening Pandora's Box. Mr. Woodward was quoted as saying that these were no mere youngsters, they were middle-aged men who had simply been provoked beyond endurance.

But had they? After all, though 30-odd people capered on to the field and made a wretched exhibition of themselves, though some malevolent coward threw a missile at a linesman, the great majority of that huge crowd behaved and restrained itself. Which is to say that the great majority were *not* provoked beyond endurance, robbing those who were of any excuse for their barbarism.

Precautions

Mr. Woodward, who is no doubt much cooler now, must surely agree that one of the glories of the English spectator is that while, in very recent years, he has taken to knocking lumps out of his fellows, he has been wonderfully restrained in keeping off the field. That is why our precautions are laughably scant by comparison with, say, Italy or South America. I remember, some years ago, visiting a tiny little ground outside Florence at Campi di Bisenzio where, wonder of wonders, there was a safety fence all round the pitch; high and metallic. When I commented on it to the team's young coach, he replied with great feeling, "Thank goodness that it's there."

Of course, there have been lapses. A few seasons ago, thugs rushed on the pitch at Millwall, never the most placid of grounds, and laid out the referee, Mr. Burtenshaw, with a punch in the stomach. The Millwall manager, Mr. Benny Fenton, waxed terribly indignant when the incident was reported; as one observed at the time, his protestations raised the interesting possibility that the punch was self-inflicted. But these are mere exceptions, to prove the rule.

What Mr. Revie must, in retrospect, have appreciated is that Leeds defence played appallingly badly that day, presenting an Albion team which hadn't won away for 16 months with a hatful of opportunities, most of which were spurned. In any case, the real reason Leeds faltered in their race for the Championship was because Billy Bremner and, to a lesser degree, Eddie Gray, were injured for so long.

I am myself fully in favour of professional referees, but in that particular instance, a sloppily conceived law was surely as much to blame as a possibility of human error.

Mr. Stan Lover's book, by the way, is a little perfunctory on the subject of that other paradox of the offside law, "played onside". But it intrigued me to see that were its tenets always followed, then Spurs *would* have scored against Liverpool in the Cup. The illustration, showing an offside forward played onside when the ball cannons off a defender, precisely reproduces that in which Chivers shot and the ball spun off a Liverpool man and was put in by Peters. No goal was given; and Spurs did not protest.

May one pay them a small and belated tribute?

Arsenal goalkeeper Bob Wilson saves during the match against Tottenham Hotspur which Arsenal won to clinch the First Division championship.

Sliema win league title in Malta

THE famous Maltese club, Sliema Wanderers, won their 19th League Championship when they beat Marsa FC in a League decider in front of a 10,642 crowd, a mid-week record attendance, at the Gzira Stadium.

Both sides had finished their League commitments with 20 points each from 14 matches; perhaps one of the lowest in the history of Maltese football. They both won seven matches, drew six and lost only one each. And as the goal average in Malta is not accepted, a decider was necessary for the winning of the championship, which saw Sliema emerge winners by three clear goals, all scored in the second period.

With this victory, Sliema not only won the championship, but acquired the right to represent tiny Malta in next season's European Cup competition after an absence of six years, when they were eliminated by Panathinaikos of Greece, who are one of this year's finalists in the same competition.

On the other hand, Marsa, although beaten heavily, have had a very successful season. They were only promoted to the First Division last season and they were the revelation of the year. They will surely participate in a European competition next season.

Top goalscorers San Lorenzo beat Huracan 5-1 in the Argentina First Division. Here's one goal which Poletti (the ex-Estudiantes player who was suspended for "life" for a time) fails to stop.

Keen struggle for supremacy in Argentina

ERIC WEIL reports from BUENOS AIRES

THE Metropolitan Championship started off in English style this season with mid-week games during the early weeks. As a result, most clubs had already played nine games after the first month and the struggle at the top was keener than ever. As the 19-team championship is being played with clubs meeting home and away this season and the national championship is to follow, this will be the longest season ever and things have to be speeded up.

River Plate, much changed and younger than last season when Brazilian coach, Waldir Pereira "Didi" took over, lead by a point and are all out to get the title after so many disappointments when coming close in recent years. So far they have been the steadiest team, but the gap between the big and little clubs has virtually disappeared this season. One reason is that big and small, all clubs are in financial difficulties and lack funds to buy players.

Mid-field

A point behind River Plate are Chacarita Juniors, the small club which already won the Metropolitan Championship in 1969. With many of the same players, their power is still in mid-field, where they have been superior to all rivals.

National champions, Boca Juniors, are only half-way up the table for two reasons. First, their participation in the South American Club Championship during the heavy early season league programme took too much out of them while their eyes were more on the Cup. Then the suspension of nine of their players from league games, following the match against Peru's Sporting Cristal (commented on in "South American Scene"), left them weakened. Boca Juniors have a big professional staff and were still able to field a team of virtually First Division strength in their last five league games, but it still wasn't quite the same.

With four clubs due to be relegated this season in order to reduce the First Division's size yet once again, the struggle is also close at the bottom, but at present it looks as if two of the candidates are likely to be just promoted Los Andes, who don't seem to have enough resources to stay up, and Platense, who are continually in trouble with their professional staff and have had to field amateur XIs in two games already this season.

The other club promoted this season, FC Oeste, are, however, the surprise of the season in third place—two points from the top but with a game in hand over River Plate. FC Oeste are one of the few clubs who just will not spend more on professional soccer than it earns, an idea which caused their relegation a few years back, but now they are back and surprising everybody.

Majority

As this goes to press, however, presidents of First Division clubs are meeting at the FA and the majority want to cut the number of clubs to be relegated and do not want the First Division to be reduced. It's the same old story. What they can't win on the field, they try to win in the FA's conference chamber.

JOHN HOLLINS (Chelsea) writes

Europe is a wonderful education

JOHN HOLLINS

HAVING played in only one European campaign before, I must be honest with you when I say that this season's experiences in the European Cup Winners Cup have been really enlightening.

Of course, European competitive soccer receives more than its fair share of criticism, but irrespective of what the critics say I still feel that it is a wonderful education for any player, no matter how many years he has been in the game.

What is it about European competition that so captures the imagination of the footballing public? Basically I think that much of the glamour of the European Cup and the like is due to the fact that the fans have a chance to see players they are extremely unlikely to see in the flesh again. This, plus the crowd-pulling knock-out format of these ties, is unquestionably what makes the three European tournaments so fascinating.

Experience

My baptism for Chelsea in Europe was back in the 1965–66 season when our campaign in the Fairs Cup got off to an explosive start with that notorious clash with Roma. In retrospect I think I learnt more from the two games we had with Roma than almost any other important matches I have been involved in.

Why is this? Well basically it all boils down to tactics. Before I made my début in Europe in 1965 we in Britain, although learning fast, were still comparatively naïve tactically when compared to many other countries in Europe. So my initial experience in European competition certainly taught me a great deal.

For one thing, I learned to live with tremendous mental pressure, something which is obviously vital to the success of any one involved in one of the major European competitions. And secondly I learned to withstand the incredible atmosphere generated by so many of the fans on the Continent. I know that some of our own crowds make an almighty noise, but when compared to the more militant Europeans it is very small beer indeed.

Going back to my first game in Europe for a moment and the savage encounter with Roma. If you remember the home leg was at Stamford Bridge, and what a turbulent affair it turned out to be. Eddie McCreadie was sent off during a scuffle in the first half with the Roma forward Leonardi. However, even with ten men we won the first leg 4-1 thanks to a hat-trick by Terry Venables.

Travesty

The second leg in Rome was, to put it mildly, a travesty. We played the match not at the main Rome Olympic Stadium, but at the Flaminio Stadium. I must say that in all fairness it looked magnificent in the sun. There was a small impeccable hedge round the pitch, which at a first glance made it seem all the more homely. But the match itself was far from homely!

The home supporters, if that is what one could call the Roman fans, were quick to begin their savage bombardment. As the Chelsea party of reserves, etc., walked out on to the pitch for an inspection of the surface, all kinds of unlikely things began to rain down. In fact everything from huge stones to pieces of concrete were chucked at us. It was certainly a frightening experience, and thankfully we drew the match 0-0, thereby winning the tie 4-1 on aggregate.

The ties after that were comparatively quiet affairs, and we were eventually beaten 5-0 by Barcelona in a semi-final play-off in Barcelona.

This season, however, my life in Europe via the Cup Winners Cup has by no means been so hectic. We started on our European road in Greece against Aris Salonika, and the match turned out to be a bit of a farce. On a pitch which had been seeded only some ten days before the match we played well under pressure to draw 1-1. And we finished off the job at Stamford Bridge in the second leg winning 5-1.

Obviously our most difficult game this season has been the clash with RFC Bruges. In the first leg in Belgium, Bruges inspired by their World Cup star Raoul Lambert, outplayed us to the tune of 2-0. However, the second leg was an entirely different kettle of fish. Before a large crowd we demolished the Belgians 4-0, thanks to two magnificent goals from Peter Osgood, making a spectacular return after a two months' suspension. It was undoubtedly one of the most exciting games I have ever played in, and you can imagine how relieved I was when Ossie clinched our passage to the semi-finals with a goal in extra time.

Outplayed

Then came our semi-final encounter with the holders Manchester City. And in a hard defensive first leg at Stamford Bridge we triumphed 1-0. Of course in many ways this game was a slight letdown for the fans as City were without Colin Bell and Mike Summerbee, and we had Peter Osgood and Ian Hutchinson missing. But a fine opportunist goal by Derek Smethurst gave us the one goal advantage.

In the second leg, which I missed through injury, Chelsea again won 1-0 —Keith Weller scoring with a free-kick that City goalkeeper Ron Healey helped into his own net.

So there we were, through to the final of the Cup Winners Cup. Our opponents? The mighty Real Madrid, the most famous club side in Europe, possibly the world.

As I write I am fighting to get fit for the big game. It's one match I am determined not to miss.

World SOCCER leaves no stone unturned in its efforts to bring you news of football from throughout the world. On these pages Leslie Harris sends an exclusive report from the Seychelles and Edward Shalala cables from South Africa.

Please, can have some

AT first glance it was just another soccer practice—but one sensed there was something unusual about it. Whether it was the geniality of the instructor, the exceptional enthusiasm of the players, or the sun, blazing incongruously overhead, I couldn't possibly decide. But there was an atmosphere of enjoyment and efficiency about the whole undertaking which was refreshingly different.

Less than an hour before I had landed from the British India liner *Kampala* at Mahe (pronounced "my") principal island of the Seychelles Group of 85 islands in the western Indian Ocean, and now I was on *Coronation Field* in the centre of Victoria, the capital of Seychelles, where the island's main football pitch is located.

"Who is the chap in charge? Is he a trainer?" I enquired from my companion.

"As far as I know he's the Government coach, but I suppose you could say he's also the trainer," was the reply.

"Government coach?" I said. "What's the Government got to do with it?"

"I don't know," admitted my friend. "That's what people say he is. His name is Fisher. You can ask him."

When the practice was over I went to see Fisher in the Seychelles Club which adjoins the pitch on Coronation Field. Adrian Fisher is a stocky 5 ft. 8½ in., weighing 11 stone 8 lb., with the frame of a well conditioned athlete. Sincere grey eyes, a ready smile and a warm hearty chuckle make him an attractive personality.

"How does a football coach find employment in an out-of-the-way place like this: 'one thousand miles from anywhere' as the saying is?" I asked.

"Well, I was sent here by the International Voluntary Service Administration," Adrian explained. "They advertised the post, I applied, IVS accepted, and here I am."

"Have the IVS ever supplied football coaches before or since?"

"Not so far as I know."

"So you are sort of 'one in the world'. What impressions have you formed about Seychelles football?"

"The first thing that struck me," Fisher replied, "was the almost total lack of facilities for soccer. On my arrival I passed what seemed a reasonable soccer pitch in the centre of Victoria. I asked who played there. The answer 'We all do' really shook me. There are only two acceptable football grounds on the entire island of Mahe," he continued, "but this does not diminish the islanders' keenness for the game. They're almost fanatical."

Background

"What sort of background is necessary for a job like this?" I wanted to know.

"Speaking personally," returned Fisher, "I was at Loughborough College from 1966 to 1969. While there I took an interest in athletics and swimming as well as soccer. In 1967 I was selected to take part in the British National Day celebrations at 'Expo 67' in Montreal. I played against several Swiss and Austrian teams during holidays, and made the College first team. Then I spent some time studying coaching and training methods in Sweden."

"And how do local conditions here impress you?"

"Lack of good equipment provides a problem," Adrian Fisher told me. "Although in great demand, balls, boots and shirts, are not plentiful. The main handicap is the length of time it takes for kit to arrive here from the United Kingdom. Players are encouraged to buy their own football boots. Many of them were playing in bare feet when I arrived and some still do. But that is not conducive to good soccer. They can't tackle in the proper manner without the risk of injury and they can't get a secure foothold in wet weather."

"When football was mentioned on the ship coming here," I put in, "I was told that the top team was about Spartan league or Isthmian league standard. What do you think about that?"

Adrian Fisher, coaching in the Seychelles.

"At present our national team would probably have difficulty in competing against top amateur teams in UK," Fisher answered. "Not because the players lack skill but because they lack experience, and that they can only attain by good class competition against other sides.

"My toughest job here has been selecting and training the national team for a trip to Mombasa. That provided a lot of headaches but the job was done and the team did themselves credit. They lost one game 2-1 and drew the other 2-2 against the strong Mombasa sides of Mwenge and Feisal.

But out of the 15 players who went to Mombasa, only nine now remain here so the team has had to be reorganised in view of a proposed visit to Mauritius and Madagascar later this year. One great handicap is that the national team gets no first-class rivalry here in Seychelles. There is no local team to compare with it, and visiting navy ships do not provide sufficient competition.

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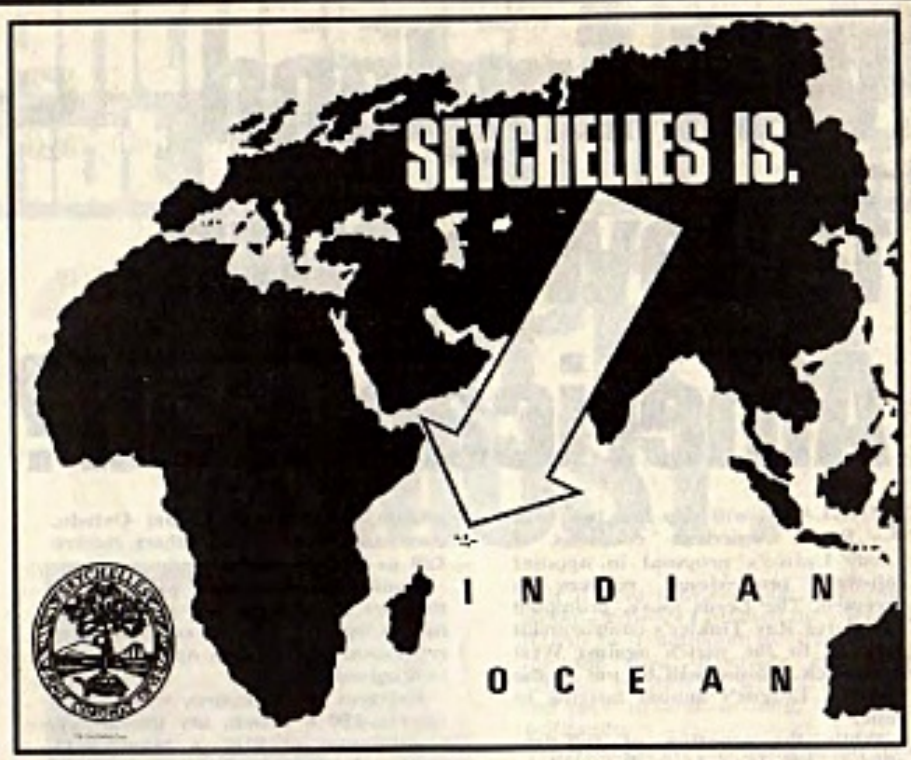

"This year the International Airport will come into operation, Seychelles will no longer be isolated and I look forward to visits from clubs of other countries who are eager for good class competition. After all, if WBA can visit East Africa, Burnley to Mauritius and an FA XI the Far East, why can't some good team visit Seychelles?"

"How many local clubs are there?"

"At present there are two divisions comprising about 18 clubs, and they all play on the same pitch," came the reply.

One thing I wanted to ask particularly was about the perpetual sunshine in Seychelles. How does that affect the game?

Subsidy

"Most matches are played between a quarter to five and 6.30 p.m.," Adrian said. "The sun is going down and the heat of the day is almost over. In choosing ends team tend to ignore the prevailing wind and pick the end where the sun will not shine in their eyes. Our teams sometimes get a crowd of between two and three thousand. No admission charge is made. We haven't a stadium or even an enclosure, but the lack of funds is largely offset by a subsidy from the Seychelles Government and the voluntary services of the Seychelles Football Association with a president and a committee of local enthusiasts and supporters."

Achievement

Some days later, after I had seen Fisher play in a big match and score two good goals, I asked him if he had thought of becoming a professional footballer later on in UK. "What about your home town team of Peterborough United?" I said as a gambit.

"I am 23 years old and would have made the grade by now if I had enough ability. My first achievement was playing for the Loughborough College first team. Now I feel I can contribute more to soccer (especially in Seychelles) by concentrating on coaching and playing as an amateur as much as possible," said Adrian Fisher.

DURBAN UNITED are enjoying a great season and are striking out for their first National Football League championship under their new name. They had formerly won the title under their old name, Durban Spurs, before they merged with Durban United.

The former Tottenham Hotspur defender, Peter Baker, manages the side and had high hopes of signing West Ham's Jimmy Greaves and Billy Baxter, the Ipswich Town centre-half, but these deals fell through. Instead the club have signed the Eire and Leeds United midfield player, Johnny Giles, who arrives in Durban at the end of May after his club has completed a short tour of Israel.

Two-month

United are also interested in getting Jimmy Johnstone, the crack Celtic and Scottish winger, to join them for a two-month spell later this season.

Rodney Green, the burly Durban United centre-forward, who joined the club from the English Second Division side Watford, is having a tremendous season and is his club's leading goalscorer. Both Green and his wife have taken up teaching posts at a local school.

Bert Head, manager of English First Division club Crystal Palace, would like to have his team undertake a tour of South Africa but, naturally enough, he is restricted by the FIFA ban, which still applies to South African football.

He said recently: "The moment the FIFA ban is lifted we will be among the first teams in the queue to go out to South Africa.

"I personally keep in touch with progress in the National Football League and have sent out a number of players to Germiston Callies and Southern Suburbs."

Mickey Lill, the former Wolves, Everton and Portsmouth player, has been doing a tremendous job as manager of Germiston Callies. He has lost John Fahy, his leading goalscorer of last season. The English-born Fahy injured his knee and may never play football again. Latest signings for the Callies are Steve Tomkins, a promising centre-forward from Crystal Palace, and Trevor Dawkins, a former West Ham half-back.

South Africa should soon be a favourite market for British soccer players, according to Mr. Edmund Warburton, deputy chairman of Bolton Wanderers, who on a recent visit to South Africa said that he felt that in June many top-class British players would be placed on free transfers because of the high cost of running League clubs.

Conditions

"A number of these players will turn to South Africa for their livelihood," he said. "Local conditions appear to be ideal and the presence of English professionals in South Africa would boost the game which from what I have heard enjoys great popularity."

Arthur Mann has resigned as manager-coach of East London United. After a short break, Mr. Mann will probably be returning overseas. His place has been taken by Bobby Braithwaite, the former Irish international winger.

Will England follow South American lead?

ENGLAND will step into line with South American countries if Leeds United's proposal to appoint full-time professional referees is accepted. The Leeds move, prompted by referee Ray Tinkler's controversial decision in the match against West Bromwich Albion, will be put to the Football League's annual meeting in June.

While the question of full-time officials has long been discussed in England, South American countries are already employing professional referees. There are 15 professional referees under contract in Brazil where top man Armando Marques is reported to earn £1,250 a month during the season. Another leading official, Argentinian Anibal Oviedo, commands £1,050, and others receive £50 to £65 a match.

Candidates, who can apply when they are 21, undergo one year's training at special referee courses. The retirement age is 50 as opposed to 47 in England.

Referees in Argentina, where they receive £50 a match, are guaranteed a minimum of £100 a month and most of them officiate in four matches monthly. They are also allowed to hold another job, providing it does not interfere with their refereeing duties. Leading Argentina referee Angel Coerezza, who was in charge of England's World Cup quarter-final clash with West Germany in Mexico last year, serves up food as chief cook at a military garrison when he is not dispensing justice on the soccer field.

Reg Matthewson, an ex-professional player turned referee.

Periodical

Senor Coerezza said all Argentina first division referees have to attend periodical theoretical courses to improve their ability, and must attend weekly, keep-fit training sessions. Applicants for referees go through tough training courses and gain promotion from the lower divisions. Besides being members of the Argentine Football Association's college of referees, they also have their own trade union. The age limit is 45, but the college can extend this on merit.

Spain does not have professional referees, but the officials receive 10,000 pesetas (£60) for each first division match they control. International referee Antonia Camacho is one of the few ex-players who have moved into the ranks of referees in Spain, where the age limit is 47.

Commenting on the idea of full-time professional referees, Senor Juan Pardo Hidalgo, president of the Spanish National Association of Referees, said: "I see it as a labour problem. Who is going to pay the referees if they are suspended for a few months or when they reach the age limit?"

Norman Burtenshaw, referee of the 1971 FA Cup Final.

Portuguese first division referees, who are paid 1,000 escudos (£14.60) a match, have to pass an examination of the rules of the game and also undergo speed and stamina tests. The retirement age is 50. A director of the Portuguese Central Committee of Referees commented: "I see no advantage in having professional referees. In Portugal it is quite impossible since it would impose costs that the Committee could never afford."

French referees are not paid but receive expenses for clothing and travelling. Out of more than 9,000 registered referees only 15 operate in first division matches. Recruiting is a lengthy and demanding process.

Selective

A French Federation official said: "We have not yet studied in depth the possibility of introducing full-time professional referees. This is a rather difficult question and for the time being we would rather concentrate on further improving the standard through our selective system of recruiting."

Russia's top referee, Viktor Arkhipov, said that Soviet players opposed in principle the idea of professional referees. All Russian sportsmen are officially classed as amateurs although top footballers in fact devote nearly all their time to the game.

Mr. Arkhipov said top referees were selected by special commissions from among those refereeing local or regional matches. They received free travel expenses and a living allowance while away from home.

MANCHESTER UTD. What is the future?

EUROPE IS A MUST!

WHAT is going to happen to Manchester United? That is the intriguing summer question thousands of fans in more than a dozen countries are asking as the shape of things to come in the new season remains so very indistinct even to those folk with their ears closest to the ground.

It is difficult to provide the semblance of an answer of any reasonable character because the future poses more and greater problems than any other club has faced in this or any constituent FIFA country.

There were tricky hurdles to be overcome in other decades. That was especially so when the club twice faced bankruptcy between the wars and some of the players pawned their Sunday best to make up for empty wage packets.

Yet all came through successfully after mixed hazards, just as they did in miraculously recovering from that plane crash and terrific loss in the snows of Munich.

Now, however, the former European and English champions, and FA Cup winners and all that, are rebuilding once more. It's against time, and it's a massive operation aiming at immediate success, and another brief for overseas travel which this proud organisation is missing like hell.

The attitude at Old Trafford is the correct one because everybody — yes, everybody!—on the staff from the chairman and Busby down to the most insignificant tea girl says the boys simply must get back into the big scene.

Prestige

Back to the big scene without any further loss of time, prestige and cash, and that means not merely the FA Cup final, or the League Cup final, but that most vital spot on the horizon — EUROPE.

That's the natural way of life for these Red Devils. After all, they were pioneers in that sort of travel, the first English club to compete in a European tournament in 1956.

Do you remember the occasion? Chelsea had snubbed the invitation 12 months previously because the FA and the League were against it. United had more spunk. They went in against the wishes of the Top Brass.

I was not in the least surprised because Harold Hardman, club chairman of those years, had said to me at the start of the 1955-56 campaign: "If we win the League title, we shall go into Europe whatever those folk at the top say, and to hell with the lot of 'em."

Well, now they know once more where they want to go all over again. But that's far easier said than accomplished, even when a club has the right players for such missions. That immediately prompts the pertinent question: Have they got

men capable of being moulded into an outfit with the prize-winning know-how? I hate going on record with this opinion, but must admit uneasy doubts on that particular score.

Admittedly, there are many first-class footballers on the United staff at this moment. Such as George Best, Bobby Charlton, Denis Law, Ian Ure, Pat Crerand, Willie Morgan, Brian Kidd, John Aston, David Sadler, Tony Dunne, Francis Burns, Alex Stepney, and so on.

Yet they were unable to forge a success out of last winter. Occasionally, the right combination hit the top note, but then faded to emphasise the urgent need for extra talent, particularly new strikers.

Guarantee

There is the right kind of spare money for transfer talking though, of course, that does not automatically guarantee good bargaining in a sellers' market, as officials discovered by having no fewer than eight big bids turned down in rapid succession over the turn of the year.

Such activity, however, firmly underlines likely remodelling when new men do eventually arrive, and to me that means the beginning of the end of an era for some of the better-known personalities.

It may be almost sacrilegious to suggest, yet it seems to be quite on the cards that Law, Crerand, Charlton and Ure may be the eventual losers in the fierce scramble for spots in a New Look team.

If it does turn out that way, and this gloomy prophet's predictions are fulfilled, it will be tantamount to tragedy watching the slow departure of singularly talented performers who have decorated the park squares so long, and often so brilliantly.

Agreed on the sad thought, but remembering meanwhile that top soccer is a business which nowadays demands not only complete fitness, alertness and speed on and off the ball, but is punishing even to the youngest. And, naturally, far more to the older brethren.

Strength

Much will depend on how the new manager comes to terms with the position, but it's to be doubted that there will be any sensational remodelling at the start, unless he is particularly well acquainted with the playing strength.

More likely he will move cautiously, recognising that the smallest change will come under the harsh spotlight of publicity, and he'll need to note the individual contributions and ability of everybody. Which, being interpreted, means a measuring of up-to-date performance which will have nothing to do with bygone Oscars.

That will be the time when the years may prove a poor and cruel reference for the immediate future. For although all will be having a go, quite naturally, some may be caught out, particularly those with long service ribbons.

No disrespect is intended here, especially as many are personal friends of long and tested standing, yet it is a hard fact that often last season, several first team men failed to adequately last the pace for late assaults.

I hope this does not appear too premature an obit, but during 30 years of close friendship with Sir Matt and interest in the club's affairs I have seen many great United teams break up.

It is always sad when it happens, as it does with all clubs almost every year, but the portents seem to indicate changes at Old Trafford because Father Time is hovering around.

ERIC THORNTON

WORLD SOCCER SPECIAL by ANDREW DETTRE

St. George—Budapest's English-born striker Adrian Alston outjumps the Japanese defenders in the recent Tokyo tournament.

Japanese sun is rising only slowly

FOR some years now the soccer world has been expecting, indeed, blandly predicting that Japan, so superbly organised and dedicated, would reach international eminence. Their brilliant third placing in the 1968 Mexico City Olympics was interpreted as an unmistakable sign of this gradual climb to the top; it seemed only a matter of time, perhaps a few short years, that the Japanese would challenge the best.

My recent visit to Japan has convinced me that this challenge may have to wait a bit. For a variety of reasons, the Japanese just don't appear to be making the progress we all anticipated and their game, at top level that is, has reached a point of stagnation.

Last December Japan made yet another bid to win the Asian crown at the Bangkok Asian Games but got no further than the semi-finals, losing to India. It was said that the stifling Bangkok heat plus the insanely crowded match schedule —seven matches in ten days—led to their undoing. It's interesting, though, that the winners, South Korea, runners-up Burma and third place-getters India had identical or very similar schedules to meet.

So it was with avid interest that I looked forward to seeing, once again, Japan's national team in action, not to mention their leading club sides Toyo Kogyo, Yanmar Diesel and FC Hitachi.

The occasion was the tour of Sydney's St. George-Budapest who were invited to take part in the annual Tokyo International Tournament and also to play some friendly matches in the provinces.

To my surprise and disappointment, Japan played a great deal worse than in 1968 and not any better than in Seoul, at the end of 1969. In fact, their game has become slightly more old-fashioned, more complicated and elaborate with innumerable square passes. This, as we all know, may work for the brilliant Brazilians who like to hold and freeze the ball in midfield, waiting for an opening up front before they explode. However, the Japanese rarely produce these flare-ups and their midfield is too weak to dictate the tempo of a match.

Transfer

They were immensely lucky to hold St. George-Budapest to a 0-0 draw; a three-goal defeat was on the cards. Then they lost to the Danish Boldklubben From 2-1 and even had great difficulties in beating their own "B" international team 1-0—with an own goal.

You may deduct from this that Japan perhaps lacks the players to do better. Far from it. They have at least seven internationals who could grace many of the world's top teams—and would fetch sizeable transfer fees.

Despite his somewhat subdued form, their great striker, Kamamoto, is still world class, a player of extraordinary flair and intuition. Their speedy left-winger, Sugiyama, is playing better than ever in an orthodox position while their stopper, the solid Ogi, would fit into any top company. Then they have a new star, in Brazilian-born Yoshimura, a most gifted and clever ball-player grafting in midfield, that fast striker Kimura, another fine midfielder, Mori, and a splendid full-back, Yamaguchi. Seven great players—but still no great team. And, to make it worse, I doubt if they will blend into one unless they adopt more adventurous, more enterprising tactics.

Roughly the same applies to Japan's leading clubs who play the game in the same style at a lower level. The only exception is the Tokyo side Hitachi, who displayed a much higher degree of physical aggressiveness than one normally expects from Japanese teams.

Extensive

One wonders what the rest of the year will be for Japan. In June they will undertake an extensive tour of Europe where, if they click, they should play some attractive football. However, I don't expect them to set the world on fire against top teams like Arsenal, FC Koln, etc. Then, in October, they will have to travel to Seoul, Japan's traditional soccer Waterloo, to do battle in the Olympic elimination series. Here again, much as I would like to see them win, I just can't forecast that they will down the faster and more aggressive Koreans.

Following the Seoul expedition, Japan's great national team coach Shun Okano will retire—at the ripe old age of 39—to concentrate on only managing the national team plus perking up his business, a charming cake and coffee shop right opposite Ueno station in Tokyo.

Guidance

Just what changes Okano's departure will bring nobody knows. For some seven years, this extremely gifted and dedicated young man *WAS* Japan; it was under his guidance, helped by his friend and colleague Ken Naganuma, that Japan's sun really began to rise.

Maybe with only one job to worry about, Okano's new team will be more successful in the international arena than in recent years. I really hope so, for you couldn't meet a nicer bunch of people with more burning ambition than those in charge of Japan's soccer.

The one million juniors now playing all over the country assure their future in the years to come. But the world of soccer is eagerly awaiting some breakthrough from them right now. And with the players at their disposal this shouldn't be so very hard to achieve.

COLIN McALPIN reports

All Ireland league is the answer

FEW who really care for the future of soccer in Northern Ireland will regret the passing of the season. In terms of crowd appeal and financial success the season has been a wash-out. Seldom in the history of the game here has there been such a period of depression with some gates as low as £15 and 300 spectators. Indeed at its best, the final game in the Irish League Championship between old rivals Glentoran and Linfield, which decided the outcome, the attendance was 14,000.

Certainly the troubles in Northern Ireland, forcing several clubs to play vital "home" fixtures on other grounds deemed safer by the authorities, didn't help. Yet many critics have felt for a long time that the game here has made little progress in recent years and is now reaping the fruit of its own ineptitude.

A few weeks before the end of the season, when it became apparent that soccer simply couldn't continue in the same old rut, Linfield secretary Brian Dempster and manager Billy Bingham—two of the most progressive newcomers to the local game—suggested an all-Ireland League Cup competition for the opening ten weeks of the new season.

For years there has been growing interest in a North-South link-up of a more permanent nature than the highly-successful Blaxnit Trophy (which is limited to the semi-finalists from the Irish Cup and FAI Cup). The Linfield idea, embracing the 14 League of Ireland clubs with the 12 Irish League clubs plus two additional sides in a regional competition, received much support from clubs here. But, on the grounds that they were not given enough time to consider the plan in detail, the officials in Dublin turned it down.

"Only for next season," they were quick to point out. Which suggests that, now they know of it, they will give it much thought for the season after. We can only trust this will be so for, as Brian Dempster said: "We can't just sit back and rot. We have got to do something to revive our ailing game."

Junior outfits

If such an idea is finally given the cold-shoulder then we must look inward—and look at our own Irish League. Certainly Northern Ireland is a small country, yet many feel that it is large enough to contain a League of more than 12 teams. And they look to the day when such go-ahead junior outfits as Larne Town and Newry Town are brought into the senior fold.

An all-Ireland League is, of course, the ideal solution. But as neither organisation is likely to give up its independence I feel we really ought to reorganise and revitalise the game north of the border.

An old suggestion, which nevertheless merits some thought, has been along the lines of an expanded Irish League, including the independent teams from the "B" Division and from the amateur leagues. There are eight such independent teams—the reserve sides of senior clubs make up the bulk of the "B" Division—and at least two others in the ranks just below capable of holding their own who would form a Second Division.

Promotion and relegation would certainly add that little bit more bite to the game here. We can't continue as we have done for the past number of years. It's something we say at the end of each season—never was it more obvious!

Ironically the domestic scene has been full of excitement and drama throughout. It's a shame, in a way, the fans haven't turned out to watch it. The Championship was decided, in Linfield's favour for the 29th time, at the very last game. Glentoran, who had helped make it a neck-and-neck affair, were one point behind leaders Linfeld but, when the crunch came, failed to take their chances and were beaten convincingly 3-0.

For me, however, it was neither Linfield nor Glentoran who provided the memorable moments. That honour goes to the classy, always-entertaining Distillery who won the Irish Cup and who, at one stage, were in with a chance of the Championship as well.

Under the managership of Jimmy McAlinden the Grosvenor Park side, one of those mentioned above in terms of "home" games, were streets ahead of the others for sheer skill. And Jimmy and his back-room boys produced several youngsters of great promise. To the Whites, then, goes my thanks for football to remember for a long time.

Linfield skipper Eric Bowyer holds high the Gibson Cup after defeating old rivals Glentoran 3-0 in the last game of the Irish League Championship programme. Aiding him (on the left) is Des Catheart.

The others had to be content as also-rans. Bangor, though, did add the City Cup to last season's County Antrim Shield—only their second trophy in 40 years of senior football. Coleraine, incopsistent as ever, flattered to deceive and in the end fell from grace by giving away too many silly points when it mattered most. Derry City had a great run in the Texaco, reached the final of the Irish Cup and really did little else in home games.

Crusaders parted company in mid-term with manager Jimmy Todd, failed completely to live up to their reputation as the toughest of teams to beat and under new boss Billy Johnston simply must up their work rate next season.

Cliftonville, the perpetual strugglers, achieved quite a lot of unexpected success and are no longer considered the League's whipping boys. That title goes to Portadown, who finished bottom after a season of unmitigated disaster.

On the international front Northern Ireland—drawn with Spain, Russia and Cyprus in the Nations Cup—whipped the Cyprus side 3-0 and 5-0—but it still isn't the end of a long, hard road. It's a start, commented team boss Billy Bingham, but he did add, almost as an afterthought, that he still needed forwards.

The same could be said by just about every boss in the business. Still it was a season worth talking about.

The strange,

HERO-WORSHIP and fame once again hovers around Alfredo Di Stefano. In the past it was for his greatness as a player . . . today as a successful Championship winning manager.

Management-wise Alfredo is something of a child prodigy (at 45) so rapid has been his climb. His marks during his manager's course were anything but exceptional and his first appointment at Elche quickly ended in disaster. But last year he guided Boca Juniors to the Argentine League title . . . and this season turned a mediocre Valencia into Spanish League champions.

After the Championship was safe in Valencia's hands Di Stefano said: "I won many honours with Real Madrid, but honours as a manager are more satisfying. I like them better." 'I'm sure he did for the hero-worship, the motorcades, the incessant cries for "Di Stefano, Di Stefano, Di Stefano". The backslaps, banquets, bouquets and beer were endless. But success had other effects. In the last tension packed weeks Di Stefano lost many pounds and grew ten years older.

Unapproachable

The story of Alfredo Di Stefano could well be called "The Man Who Changed His Face", for it is the story of a man who is triumphing over his biggest enemy . . . himself!

During his playing days Alfredo was granite hard and dour. Silent and unapproachable. He rarely gave a press interview and stood aloof from his many friends. His manner was terse, abrupt, almost rude. He always seemed disagreeable and appeared to have a permanent chip on his shoulder. He was a strange character . . . and still is to some extent.

During the last two years Alfredo has changed. He quickly realised that the aura of his playing days would not last for ever, or carry him very far in the altogether different and uncertain managerial world.

He realised he had a new job to learn, one that involved diplomacy, handling of men and the creation of a good press and public image. Those six controversial months with Boca Juniors taught him just that. He matured, became more friendly and quickly appreciated the value of communication. Nowadays he wears a new face. It's still hard although sometimes there is a glimmer of a smile. He freely talks to the press . . . although frequently does so with a tongue in his cheek.

I quote (for example). *What did you think of your opponents?* "They were very good." *Who was the best?* "All of them, even the ball boys." *Did Valencia play well?* "No, very badly." *Why?* "Because they didn't play well." *Was the goal a keeper's mistake?* "Yes . . . he used his right hand." *How then should he have saved it?* "With his left hand." That's how he conducts many interviews. At least it's an improvement . . . before he never spoke at all.

Character

This strange character, but a man of character, is still very much an introvert, although more human and understanding. He's even developed a sense of humour . . . in fact you can't help liking him.

Born in Buenos Aires on July 4, 1926, Di Stefano received his first football lessons from his father who was quite a useful centre-forward. Alfredo says: "He wouldn't let me play unless I shot only with my left foot, and always said that with one foot I'd never be a footballer." It was sound advice for a six-year-old all those years ago . . . and equally sound today.

At 17 he was the "veteran" player of his district team, Barracas, when one day he was discovered by manager Lubrowski of River Plate and signed as an amateur.

He moved to Huracan, on loan, for one year, then returned to River Plate as a professional. Immediately he gained a first team place and overnight became the idol of River's crowds. During his three-year stay he won two League title medals and was twice the League's leading scorer.

Then came the first Di Stefano mystery. Suddenly at the height of his Argentine fame he left River and signed for Los Millionarios of Bogota. The Buenos Aires public just could not understand the logic of his move—at the time—and criticism arose.

Exodus

But Di Stefano tells me: "There was no mystery. Colombia were anxious to improve their football and badly needed experienced players. They offered financial terms that were 15 times higher than in Argentine. Sixty to 70 players moved to Colombia. This exodus, I'm afraid, seriously damaged Argentine in the 1960 World Cup.

Formerly a European Cup finalist with Real Madrid, Ferenc Puskas is now manager of Panathinaikos, who meet Ajax Amsterdam in the final of the 1971 European Cup.

wonderful world of Di Stefano

Part one ..... by NORMAN CUTLER

"Football in Colombia was really in its beginnings ... they had grand support but no one really knew much about the technical side of the game. It was all a ballet for players like myself but I repeat there was no mystery ... just professionalism."

Originators

Los Millionarios, with whom Di Stefano stayed three and a half years, made the headlines as originators of "Football's Gold Rush". (It afterwards spread to Italy) ... and in later years appeared in big print for other reasons. It was they who lured Neil Franklin (one of England's greatest centre-halves) from Stoke City.

Di Stefano's departure from Los Millionarios started another furore, this time in Spain. In September, 1953, Spanish newspapers went wild with delight when Real Madrid announced they had signed for four years the Argentine star, Alfredo Di Stefano, then 27 years of age. Real paid Los Millionarios £10,000 for his transfer and Di Stefano received £4,000 a year (his contract was renewed twice with improved terms).

But within hours of the signing came protests from Barcelona. They had heard of Di Stefano's fame and ability and had, behind the scenes, made moves to obtain his signature. Their disappointment created one of those "affaires" which have rocked Spanish football down through the years ... among them the signings of Di Stefano, Gento, Kubala and Fleitas.

Intervened

The president of Los Millionarios personally intervened in the Di Stefano affair by officially declaring that he had promised Alfredo to Real more than a year before Barcelona became interested.

Di Stefano scored in his first game for Real, against Santander on September 27, 1953, and during the 11 subsequent years remained continuously in the world headlines ... winning five European Cup finals, one Inter-Continental Championship, eight Spanish League medals, 31 Spanish international caps (he became a national of Spain), was five times the League's leading goalscorer (301 goals) and countless other honours. Strangely enough he won only one Spanish Cup medal with Real.

In August, 1958, "The Wonderful World of Alfredo Di Stefano" was disrupted by Real's signing of Didi, which developed into one of football's most fascinating mysteries, "The Didi Affaire".

The two sides of the strange events that surrounded Didi's stay with Real ... and Alfredo's controversial (at the time) departure from the great Madrid club, appear in our next issue.

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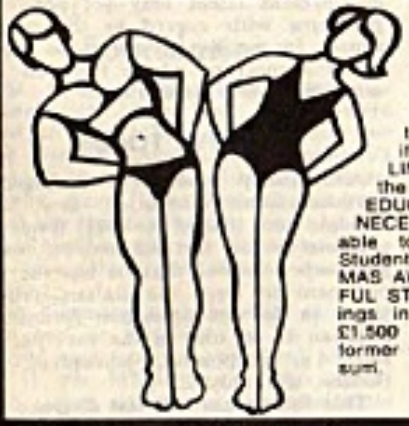

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PHILIP EVANS in Italy

INTER WIN IN STYLE

MUCH to no one's surprise—least of all that of Nereo Rocco—Internazionale have won this year's Italian league championship, with two games yet to be played. On the day that their nearest challengers, AC Milan, went to Bologna and lost 3-2 after being two goals up, Inter stayed at San Siro and annihilated Foggia 5-0. And that is the right way to make your point.

First, some facts, and they make impressive reading. From the first seven games of the season Inter took six points, from the next 22 they took 38. Eighteen victories, four draws, no defeats. When failure stared them in the face at the end of that seventh Sunday, Inter were six points behind Milan. On the day they made sure of the championship they were five points ahead.

There are reasons for this success away from the performance of Inter, of course. The good Doctor Freud would have been hard put to it to explain away some of the attitudes that seem to have prevailed in the Milan dressing-room at various stages during the season, and those whose favours bear red rather than royal blue alongside the black will be disposed to think of this as the championship that Milan lost rather than the championship that Inter won.

Admirable

My own feeling is that it is much, much tougher to stay out in front once you have an early lead—as Cagliari did last season—with the rest of the pack howling behind you. But the way in which Inter played once they had the scent and their tails were up was nothing less than admirable.

Heriberto Herrera? He is *par excellence* a trainer rather than a coach. His squads are always fiercely drilled, never operating at less than complete fitness. And there is no doubt but that this early-season training of his gave the Inter players the sort of physical strength they required to make their play for the championship.

But as a coach his tactics are open to question. He has no clear vision of the game, nor is he a subtle psychologist. If he shows an inclination to keep a cool head, then panache—the sort of panache that Scopigno, Rocco, Helenio Herrera exude—is not part of his make-up.

When Invernizzi took over Bedin was on the verge of being sold to Lazio, Corso was on the verge of joining Varese, Jair was desperately keen to return to Brazil. He immediately withdrew Corso and Bedin from all talk of transfers, tried his hardest to convince Jair that there was a place for him in the Inter line-up, that his playing days in Italy were not numbered.

Invernizzi has been fortunate in Corso. I don't believe that anyone, Corso included, could have foreseen the brilliance that he has produced throughout the season. In game after game after game Corso has been the key player for Inter, roaming the length and breadth of the left side of the field, playing as the Corso of five years ago played, playing as the Suarez of five years ago played. It has been a formidable, inspirational season for him.

Jubilant scenes after Inter-Milan had clinched the Italian Championship with a 5–0 victory over Foggia.

Doomed

For Bedin also. In October he was down in the depths, still a young player of only 25, seemingly doomed to be thought of as being past the high point of his career. Rapport with Heriberto no longer existed, to the extent that the player was no longer training with the club. Soon after Invernizzi's début as coach he was given back his rightful place on the right flank of the defence and has played well enough subsequently to be called into the Italian national squad.

A splendid season also for the Inter president, Ivanoe Fraizzoli. He is very typical of his breed, moneyed, a football fanatic with the sort of simplistic belief in ultimate success that can be infuriating and endearing at the same time. For the Fraizzolis of the world nothing succeeds like success. He was chided for not hanging on to Helenio Herrera three years ago, lashed for the transfer move that brought Boninsegna to Inter in exchange for Domenghini, Gori, Poli. Cagliari's victory last year seemed to rub the point home.

Now it is his turn to laugh. Boninsegna has proved conclusively that he is an exceptional striker, lacking the two or three inches in height that might make him a classic, but so effective nevertheless. He scores what the Italians call good goals—the penchant for the spectacular—but he has also tucked away the ones that don't go on the front covers of the sporting magazines, and they all count. This manifestation of an ever-present talent may yet pose some problems with regard to the national squad, for no longer can it be thought of as a machine whose function is to serve Riva and Riva alone.

New faces

And finally Inter have managed to produce some interesting new faces. Bellugi had played several times the previous season. But Bordon, the reserve goalkeeper showed that he has the temperament to wear the Italian national jersey in the not-too-distant future; and Fabbian is an idol in the making, tall, strong, purposeful, perceptive, like Bordon still only 20.

This Inter team will not disgrace next year's European Cup competition, that is sure.

Germans lead Group VIII

Gerd Muller scores West Germany's second goal against Turkey in Istanbul.

THE German national side journeyed to Turkey full of apprehension and under the cloud of that unexpected 1-1 setback at home, last October. But their fears proved groundless, as the remodelled team clicked into top gear and crushed the Turks on their own barren pitch by 3-0. Actually, this victory should not have come as a surprise, since in their two previous meetings on Turkish soil, the Germans won each time by 2-0. The loss of a home point has now been offset by this second away triumph — after the 1-0 success in Albania. Thus the Germans head the European Championship Group VIII, which also includes Poland, who are clearly their chief rivals for a quarter-final place.

For the game in Istanbul manager Helmut Schön was deprived of his injured midfield ace Wolfgang Overath, as well as Klaus Fichtel. In the circumstances one must applaud his courageous decision to build the side around Günter Netzer, who so rarely displays his best form in national colours. In fact the nucleus of Schön's team was formed by the champion club Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach, who provided five players, including the entire midfield axis.

Foundation

The three Bayern Munich stars — Beckenbauer, Maier and Müller—were added to this block, and so just two clubs cast the foundation of Germany's new-look team. In the absence of Overath, the great Franz Beckenbauer captained the side for the first time and was also allowed to play his favourite role—that of a *libero*, just like he does for Bayern.

The Germans took a while to settle down and at half-time led by a fine, volleyed goal from . . . yes, Gerd Müller. And it was Müller again, who immediately upon restart increased the score after Grabowski dribbled past three Turks to lay on the goal. Even the 45,000 crowd, so fiercely partizan to begin with, applauded the visitors' exhibition stuff that followed, and which deserved more than the third goal by Köppel, also from a tremendous volley.

A number of chances went begging, perhaps because the approach work was so easy, while the hosts had only one opportunity throughout the second half, and that came from a free-kick!

Even the illicit offer by a local belly-dancer to spend three nights with the first Turkish player to score a goal, failed to lift the home forwards, who never looked like claiming this unusual "reward". Dark, 25 years old and voluptuous, Sether Seniz, who professes to be soccer-mad, would no doubt have been consoled on many previous and future occasions—if only Gerd Müller had been a Turk!

German team (first figure denotes age —the second number of caps): Maier 27/29 (Bayern Munich); Vogts 24/36 (Bor. Mönchen-Glad.), Weber 26/44 (Cologne), Beckenbauer 25/49 (Bayern), Patzke 28/24 (Hertha); Wimmer 26/5 (Bor. Mönchen-Glad.), Köppel 22/4 (Bor. Mönchen-Glad.), Netzer 26/18 (Bor. Mönchen-Glad.); Grabowski 26/18 (Eintracht Frankfurt), Müller 25/29 (Bayern), Heynckes 26/8 (Bor. Mönchen-Glad.). In the 77th minute Flohe (Cologne) replaced Köppel.

The controversy surrounding Beckenbauer's alleged "waste", in the position of "sweeper", is often exaggerated by those who overlook the player's own preference. Franz admits that he does not like working hard in midfield, especially having to cope with a "shadow".

Berti Vogts, played against Turkey.

Opportunity

He enjoys the freedom behind the line of defenders and the opportunity to shine, without having to break out into a sweat! But in his club-side he may soon have to exert himself a bit more, for Bayern are apparently getting rid of a number of stars—without worrying too much about replacements.

In the past year they let such performers as Maas (to FC Nantes), Starek (Rapid Vienna), Ohlhauser (Grasshoppers), Michl (Nürnberg), Schmidt (Offenbach), Olk (Aarau) go cheaply and now look like releasing 27-year-old winger Dieter Brenninger to Young Boys of Berne (Switzerland).

The three Bayern internationals returning from Turkey sharply criticised this selling policy and even threatened to leave the club. Sepp Maier said: "I only hear of who is leaving, but nothing of any new signings." Gerd Müller added: "In the end, I shall have to play with half a school team. This I can't really afford."

ARTHUR ROTMIL

HARD, TIGHT GAMES AHEAD

SINCE it seems that Juventus will be trying, the Fairs Cup Final is no easy match, or matches, to forecast. At the moment, I feel inclined to give it to Leeds by a whisker, but they will certainly know that they have been in a game. Or games.

My cynicism isn't as outrageous as it seems, for Italian clubs can be notoriously uninterested when it comes to the Fairs Cup. From Rome on South, it matters a good deal; the behaviour of Naples and their fans when Burnley knocked them out a few years ago was grim evidence of that. But in Milan and Turin, the Fairs Cup has often been treated with virtaal disdain.

Indeed, I remember the first Fairs Cup match I ever saw played in Italy. Internazionale against Birmingham City in May, 1956, taking place not at San Siro at all, but at the old, Napoleonic Arena. There was plenty of room there, too, for everybody who wanted to watch. The result was the dreariest of 0-0 draws, though when Inter returned the visit some months later, it was a much livelier night at St. Andrews, where the crowd really cared.

Last year, however, when Inter got to the semi-finals, against Anderlecht, and were promised a bonus of £1,200 a man in case of ultimate victory, Inter won in Brussels, then bewilderingly lost at home; and out they went. So much, their attitude suggested, for the promise of chicken feed.... But "Juve", with no hope at all in the League (not that Inter had much last season) have at least been exerting themselves. They had to, to stay in the competition in Enschede, when Twente FC wiped out a two-goal advantage and only the opportunism of Pietro Anastasi, in extra time, allowed Juve to get through.

Against Cologne, they again showed determination, drawing away, which was more than Arsenal could manage, and beating them 2-0 in Turin in front of—and this *was* significant—an immense crowd. Fairs Cup crowds in Milan and Turin tend to be insultingly low. I recall what an abysmally minute attendance there was for the Fairs Cup play-off between Chelsea and Milan a few years ago, after a wonderfully exciting match at Stamford Bridge. At the end of it all, an Italian colleague assured me fervently: "You English deserve to win. You played hard, and you take it seriously!" He was, it's true, a Roman; but the point was none the less valid.

Amarildo of Roma is beaten to the ball by the Juventus pair of Sandro Salvadore (on the ground) and Luciano Spinosi. Gian Franco Zigoni of Roma is the player on the right.

Recovery

Both Juventus and Leeds are no strangers to the Fairs Cup Final. In 1965, Juve managed to lose 1-0 on their own ground to Ferencvaros of Budapest, who thus became the only Iron Curtain team till then to win a European trophy. It was a one-legged Final that year. Leeds, of course, have played twice in the Final, losing it, then winning it. The belated recovery of Billy Bremner and Eddie Gray has come about just in time for them to return to full strength at long last.

Juventus, trying hard for the Fairs Cup, have not always been taxing themselves in the League. There was, I understand, a game at the Olympic Stadium against Roma some weeks ago in which both teams looked virtually in holiday mood. Losing its manager, the brave and sympathetic Armando Picchi, who is ill, Juve have for the second consecutive season turned, with good results, to a deputy. He is Vycpalek, the former Czech inside-forward who played in Italy for some years after the war, came to Juventus looking for a job, was put in charge of the juniors then, when poor Picchi fell ill, was given control of the League team.

Fairs Cup Final preview by BRIAN GLANVILLE

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The most positive feature of the Juventus team has been the return to form of Helmut Haller, the veteran West German International, now nearly 34 years old, who went to Mexico but didn't play in the last World Cup. Haller has been industrious and inventive in midfield, which has meant that the wheels have been turning round, and he has admirable support from the young Sardinian, Cucureddu, a £200,000 buy from Brescia — which hasn't stopped him being picked for the Italian Olympic party!

But the two revelations of the season have been a young inside-forward, Causio, who was just about unheard of when the season began, and the 20-year-old left-winger, Roberto Bettega, back from Varese where, while on loan, he was nominated the best player in *Serie B*, the Second Division. Bettega has been scoring important goals; as, less frequently, has Causio.

Leeds United manager Don Revie.

Allan Clarke of Leeds jumps over Crystal Palace goalkeeper John Jackson.

Then there is Luciano Spinosi, the 21-year-old Roman-born defender, transferred from Roma in a massive deal which also brought to Turin the inside-forward Capello and the young centre-forward, Landini, brother of the Inter stopper. Spinosi, who like Cucureddu, has been picked for the Olympic squad and, like him, toured England in 1969 with the Italian Under-21 team, is now a full-international, capable of playing either at stopper or at full-back. Needless to say the team follows the *catenaccio* pattern, with a veteran international sweeper to call on in Sandro Salvadore. At Elland Road, it is sure to throw everything into defence, relying on Anastasi, the £440,000 Sicilian—himself bought from Varese—and Bettega for the quick break.

Operation

Anastasi's dual with Jackie Charlton should be interesting. He is a greatly gifted player who missed the World Cup because he had to undergo an operation. Roberto Beninsegna took his place splendidly and has rather overshadowed him this season, which has not been a good one for Anastasi. This elusive, skilful player, however, with his tremendous right-footed shot, seems to be putting the goals away in Fairs Cup matches, and he is bound to benefit, especially in Turin, from playing against a defence where there isn't a sweeper to negotiate. Every Italian defence has one.

Leeds have probably taken more out of themselves this season, in their pursuit of Fairs Cup and, above all, the League, but by the time they play Juventus, Bremner should be back to his most effective form. His absence has been deeply felt by Leeds, for he and Giles work so well in tandem, while Eddie Gray, as Don Revie points out, gives that essential balance to the side.

His brave, insidious running, his powerful shot, his intelligence, his ability to drop back and work in midfield; all this gives Leeds an edge and variety they have tended to lack, without him. Cooper's overlapping is all very splendid, but with Gray in the team, it becomes a valuable extra, alternative weapon, rather than a desperate need.

Challenge

The luminous opportunism of Allan Clarke, always so capable of making goals out of nothing, the persistent physical challenge of Mick Jones, the right-footed bang of Peter Lorimer, if he is fit.

For me, Leeds at full strength are the best team in the country, but their defence is not what it was, above all through the middle. Gary Sprake, that gifted but erratic goalkeeper, will be able to afford no mistakes, and Jackie Charlton may find Anastasi uncomfortably quick on the turn.

I cannot see many goals being scored. Juventus are something of a team in transition; despite the presence of Haller and, in all probability, Salvadore, they have their youngest side for years. This could work in Leeds' favour, and I would be inclined to make them very narrowly the favourites. Whatever happens, however, these are likely to be a couple of very hard, tight games.

Stiles accepts challenge

THERE was a time not so long ago when most folk forgot about football after the Cup Final. The outdoor types became absorbed in other branches of athletics, while the rest concentrated on TV racing, cricket, and Wimbledon tennis.

That was very nice, and in a way good for the game because the entire fraternity came back in August, refreshed and ready for more punishment, and digging up once more the old hoary arguments.

But all that has gradually changed. Now we are almost reaching the stage of non-stop soccer. Which is probably the reason why today thousands are already talking about next season. And there's just one big topic. *Nobby Stiles.*

Go north, south, east or west, you'll find that everybody is wondering whether England's World Cup hero of five years ago can do a Dave Mackay. Yes, a Dave Mackay and all that implies which, as anyone knows without even troubling to check back on the former Scottish international's record, is nothing short of the fantastic.

Now, let's appreciate exactly what that means. Let's think back to the summer of 1968, then consider today's position. The historical similarity linking these two great players is remarkable. Nothing less.

Mackay had not long recovered from twice breaking legs in the service of Spurs, and was being quietly written off by some of the White Hart Lane inhabitants when he suddenly moved from north London to Derby, to join Brian Clough in a massive rescue operation. Mackay was needed to help lift the famous old County club out of the doldrums and back into the top circle.

The ambitious young manager had taken a gamble with a £5,000 bargain signing of a man as hard and durable as the granite of his native Edinburgh. But the gamble was a winner.

Fighting unit

The drive and inspiration of the veteran ace who was completing 14 professional seasons, blended the other boys into a fighting unit which finally carried the Second Division title in a canter.

The overall position was the same for Stiles, this year, though, luckily, he had not suffered the misfortune of fractured limbs when Stan Anderson noted him slipping out of Manchester United's first-team pool, which meant they were beginning to regard him as a back number around Old Trafford.

The keen-eyed Middlesbrough boss pondered on the idea which was so successful at the Baseball ground. He drove across The Pennines, gave a new breath of life to Nobby, and then began backing Sir Alf Ramsey's old favourite to take them up into the First Division next winter.

How does Stiles measure up to such a job? How is he likely to make out on that cold stretch of the north-east coast where they've no time for imitations, but warm to the right types, especially those concerned with the honour of Ayresome.

It can be said with complete truth that during his 14 years with the Busby organisation this little fellow who was reared, educated and taught to stand on his own two feet in an overcrowded industrial suburb of cottonopolis, developed into a star who split the world in two until one half loved him fiercely, and the other half hated him.

A family man who is glad of home life and all its attendant responsibilities he is also obstinate in a resolve never to be connected with anything underhand or dubious. That's Stiles off the park.

On it, he becomes an entirely different person as if a Guru had mysteriously injected fresh, red blood into the veins, then poured fire over all his 69 inches. To such degree that many claim he is the most hated of all international players, a distinction shared with nobody.

Otto Gloria, the well-known European coach, sniffs the air contemptously when anyone mentions the name, and always calls him an "unfair player". The South Americans come out tougher. They refer to him briefly but pungently as "The assassin".

It is a fact that when Ramsey rather surprisingly included Nobby in England's World Cup squad as plans were being shaped for last year's battles in Mexico, most people opined that it was a message spelling out our determination against intimidation.

Unfair criticisms

Over the last few years he has been the victim of an amazing hate campaign in almost every match outside these shores, and I suppose it thrived because he always looks so damned fearsome. Even Busby, who has always considered the criticism unfair, once said to me: "He's never hurt anyone, though I'll admit he's frightened quite a few."

There's no doubt, however, that Nobby has always been cheered and loved while wearing the white shirt of England in his native country. It's often been completely different when stepping down to club level, and pulling on the bright red shirt of Manchester United. Then, supporters of other clubs have taken a different view, and loathed the very sight of Stiles.

Again he would be ploughing into the kind of bone-crunching tackles that made them wince all the way from Manchester to Milan, and hundreds of other far-away places. And when he won the ball and walked away there would be that identical expression of joy which millions in all parts of the world saw on TV screens as England became champs at Wembley—a look of nothing else but sheer, unadulterated and toothless bliss.

Players never complain about him. Mostly they hand out praise. Gordon Banks says: "When Nobby's around everybody's got to do their jobs." Jack Charlton adds: "He's the sort of player you want in every winning team."

That's Norbert Stiles, of Collyhurst, in the Greater Manchester conurbation. He's going to star in the Second Division for the first time in his life as he goes into the 30s. I reckon he can do a Dave Mackay!

ERIC THORNTON

ARTHUR ROTMIL writes

GREEKS SOLVE PROBLEM

Everton skipper Alan Ball meets Panathinaikos captain Domazos.

CLUB or country? In Britain this problem has been under discussion for some years now, and is particularly affecting the home countries, namely Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. Before every international there is the spectacle of their team managers forced to go cap in hand and beg English clubs for the release of their international stars. Only England's chief, Sir Alf Ramsey, need not descend to such undignified procedure, for he is entitled by regulations to call on any player he wishes.

It seems, however, that this dilemma is not just confined to the British Isles. Greece, for example, had to take the field against England at Wembley, in a vital European Championship match without six Panathinaikos stars, of whom at least four would certainly have been selected. Except that the Greek champions were preparing for their European Cup semi-final v. Red Star Belgrade and even though they lost 1-4 in the first leg and seemingly (!) had little chance to qualify, no Panathinaikos player appeared at Wembley a week later!

This arrangement was decreed astonishingly by no other than the Greek Minister of Sport, Constantinos Aslanidis, who incidentally happens to be a paratroop colonel, since the military junta took over in Greece in 1967. He said: "I prefer to make Panathinaikos strong as it has a better chance in the European Cup than the national side in their Championship group." Greece had by then already lost to Switzerland 0-1 and could only draw with Malta 1-1.

Enthusiasm

Admittedly, the first ever appearance of a Greek team in the semi-finals of the European Cup—and following their unexpected success over Everton—has provoked unprecedented enthusiasm in the land of the Hellenes. Twenty thousand fans travelled to the first leg in Belgrade, where Red Star could have sold over 200,000 tickets for the match! Panathinaikos spent a week in Yugoslavia preparing for this game under their famous coach, Ferenc Puskas.

The Greeks have a soft spot for foreign coaches. Out of 18 First Division clubs, 14 have foreign managers! Five Yugoslavs, four Englishmen, three Hungarians plus a Rumanian and a Czech are active here. But the best known and the most expensive is of course Puskas.

He earns over £1,000 a month, and in addition he can clear £4,200 for winning the national championship and £2,800 for the Cup. But the most lucrative bonuses await him in the European Cup. According to his contract Puskas receives £1,400 for reaching the second round, £2,800 for the quarter-final, £4,200 for the semi-final and £10,000 for entering the Final. If Panathinaikos should win the European Cup then Puskas would collect a cool £14,000!

One might well ask: How can a small club afford to pay such amounts? Until it is revealed that from their home match with Everton, they cashed in £45,000 from 24,795 paying customers!

Similar takings explain why Panathinaikos can promise to pay not only Puskas but their performers such extravagant inducements as £700 for entering the semi-finals and £2,800 for appearing in the final. And for winning the trophy each player stands to reap £4,200!

Dismissed

Ferenc Puskas's managerial career didn't begin quite so excitingly. After he hung up his boots in 1968, he tried his luck with a Third Division Spanish club Vitoria, in the little known province of Alava. But soon after he was fired and left for America to join Vancouver, but three months later was again dismissed.

Puskas simply had no luck in football or in business. He even had to abandon his salami factory near Madrid. Eventually Real Madrid helped him with a testimonial match v. Rapid Vienna in May 1969, before landing with Panathinaikos in the summer of 1970. Only through their recent successes has Puskas become famous as a coach.

But despite the largest exodus of soccer fans in the history of Greece to support the team in Belgrade and the fact that the Yugoslavs were severely handicapped by the absence of their suspended stars Dzajic and Antonjevic, the Greek champions crashed 1-4 in the first leg.

This was watched by 85,000 spectators, although the club had sold all 93,500 tickets! The explanation was that the touts were left with fistfuls of tickets when it was announced that all had been sold. Red Star reported record receipts of £58,200 and also cashed in from the live TV coverage, which was allowed after the last ticket was disposed of!

Incredibly, all those efforts by the Greeks were finally crowned with this sensational triumph: Panathinaikos pulled back the deficit, winning by 3-0 to reach the Wembley Final on the away-goals-double ruling. There were indescribable scenes of jubilation all over the country as the fans went berserk. After the match, every Greek player was embraced by Despina Papadopoulos, the wife of the Head of State, whilst the government declared this victory as a "national" event. . . .

News from France....ANDRÉ DUCLOS

Away draw in Hungary

THE improvement of the French international team was confirmed by another heartening away draw, this time against Hungary in Budapest, in a game valid for the European Championship. Hervé Revelli, the St. Etienne centre-forward, put France into the lead, Kocsis equalised from a penalty, but the game was notable above all for the splendid performance by Georges Carnus, in goal, and the return to the international team of one of his sincerest admirers, Fleury Di Nallo, of Lyon, who played the first half.

Neither has had an entirely easy passage. Di Nallo, a French international at 19, first capped in 1962, has altogether played only nine times for his country and suffered a dreadful leg fracture in 1968. Carnus, at the height of his form both with his club, St. Etienne, the champions, and his country, had a most unhappy parenthesis with the Parisian club, Stade Francais, at the time when it was heading towards dissolution.

This season, St. Etienne, have played Lyon three times, and in the third of these games, a Cup tie, Lyon astonished the champions by trouncing them 3-0, little Di Nallo putting all three goals past the tall Carnus.

Initially, and here is another link between the two players, Carnus was turned down as a young goalkeeper by Pierre Pibarot, when he was managing Racing Club de Paris. Today Pibarot, who also had a distinguished spell as manager of the French international team, is in charge of Lyon, and Di Nallo pays tribute to the difference he has made to the team, encouraging it to play better football, forsaking *catenaccio* for zonal marking, after the fashion of St. Etienne.

Pibarot rejected Carnus for the good enough reason that at the time Racing Club already had three good goalkeepers, among them Jean Taillandier. So Carnus went, instead, to Aix, did very well there and, after Army service, was transferred for 18 million francs to Stade Francais. His memories of the years in Paris are not wholly bleak. As he points out, there were many far flung and fascinating tours, including one to the Soviet Union, but the last two seasons, between 1965 and 1967, were grim; payments always in arrears, a bad atmosphere in which even the failure to say good morning to the right person at the right moment could lead to an explosion.

Seven-point

Thus it was that, when St. Etienne lost a League match 3-0, thus cutting the lead they then held at the head of the table to seven points, and the president, M. Rocher, lamented that something was wrong, somewhere, Carnus burst out laughing. When asked why, he replied that he came from Stade Francais, and to hold a seven-point lead in the Championship wasn't the worst thing in the world that could befall a club.

By contrast, Di Nallo has always played for Lille, where he was born into a family of Italian origin. He is a goal-scoring inside-forward who does his best work in the firing line; this season it looks as if, at the age of 28, he may well surpass his previous best total of 18 goals in a season.

That was in 1967-68, and it was the following season that a brutal tackle, or kick, by the Red Star defender, Monnin —they are still on cool terms—broke his leg.

He is a man of temperament. Though he has matured both as a player and a person, he still becomes so tense before a match that he sometimes sends his wife and children out of the apartment, the better to relax. Off the field, he now has a scrap metal business which he conducts right beside the Lyon stadium, and which he believes is good for him ... as a footballer. But his greatest reassurance, he says, comes from the fact that Lyon have now insured him for 30 million francs, so that he can take risks without worrying about the possible consequences. When you have been injured as cruelly and badly as Di Nallo, this seems natural enough.

Amateur

Speaking of injuries, Daniel Horlaville of Quevilly, the leading and most coveted amateur in France, is out for the rest of the season. The unhappy fellow broke a leg playing for his club in the Division Nationale, so that all those fully and overtly professional sides who have been coveting him so long must wait, and think again.

A most interesting newcomer to this League, the virtual three-zoned Second Division, is none other than the brother of the celebrated Josef Bozsik, Hungary's right-half in their golden era. Lajos Bozsik is now playing for AC Mouzon, after a year in "quarantine", waiting for the green light to operate in France. He had come to Paris on honeymoon with his wife, and liked France well enough to stay.

Twenty-nine years old, tall, lean and muscular, he is playing in midfield, which somewhat blunts the effect of the heavy artillery of his shooting, but he has distinguished himself so far. In his native country, his clubs were many, among them Gyor and Honved.

Bene scores for Hungary against France.

Johan Cruyff of Ajax.

Final clash for Ajax and Sparta

AJAX of Amsterdam and Sparta of Rotterdam reached the final of the Dutch Cup after beating NEC of Nijmegen and second division team FSC respectively. Last year's finalists, PSV Eindhoven (although beaten by Ajax they qualified for the Cup Winners Cup because Ajax also won the league championship), didn't reach the last four.

With Ajax winning the title again this year, in addition to reaching the final of the European Cup for the second time in three years, Sparta are assured of entry into next season's Cup Winners Cup competition regardless of the result of the Dutch final.

The successful George Kessler, who resigned his national post to take over Sparta this season, has done much to re-establish the club among the top flight in Holland. At present he is hoping to persuade Willi Kreuz of Admira Energie (Austria) to sign for Sparta. However, he faces stiff competition from three *Bundesliga* clubs . . . Bayern Munich, HSV Hamburg and Cologne. And Ernst Happel, of Feyenoord, is also interested in Kreuz.

Although the two Cup semi-finals kept the favourites apart, there was no lack of incident, particularly in The Hague where Ajax met NEC on a neutral ground. Shortly before the start of the game it was discovered that during the previous night one of the goalposts had been sawn through.

The rules allow 30 minutes for repairs to be effected and after half an hour Ajax coach Rinus Michels was prepared to send his players home. He was persuaded to wait, however, and play eventually started after a further 15 minutes.

Hearts will play in NASL

from Colin Jose

THE North American Soccer League preparing for the start of its fourth season of operation (fifth if you wish to include the NPSL of 1967) have announced the first of the teams who will participate with the eight member teams in the international part of the schedule. This is the Scottish First Division club Hearts, who will play each of the NASL clubs once with the results to count in the league standings. The other three international sides have yet to be announced, but it is thought that one of them will be a well-known Irish club.

Most of the clubs have been busy signing new players, and re-signing old ones as the opening games draw nearer. Graham Leggat, coach of the Toronto Metros, has obtained three players from Aston Villa; goalkeeper Geoffrey Crudgington, and defenders Neil Rioch and Brian Rowan. Also signed is Brazilian player Benedito da Silva Ataide, known as "Bene", who at one time played for Bangu.

The champions, Rochester Lancers, have strengthened their club with the addition of Adolfo Gori, the old Juventus player, and have also added Argentinian player Fancesco Escos, who played for a number of well-known clubs in South America before coming to the United States.

New York Cosmos, who recently signed a pact with the German-American Football Association of that city, have signed a number of players from teams in that league and added former Polish international goalkeeper Conrad Kornek, who spent most of his career with Odra Opole, and Jaime Delgado, a former star with Emelec in Ecuador.

Approach

The Rochester Lancers report that Toronto Metros general manager, Jack Daley, recently made an official approach for last year's NASL top scorer Carlos Metidieri. Daley offered $5,000 for Metidieri, who played a lot of soccer in Toronto prior to joining the Los Angeles Wolves in 1968.

Rochester general manager, Charles Schiano, is reported to have asked $25,000 for Metidieri saying: "Ordinarily, I would have responded that Carlos was not available at any price. However, we are taking a keen interest in the progress of the expansion clubs. And, if we can provide such a tremendously popular player to one of these teams, without hurting ourselves either on the field or in the pocketbook, we will." Metidieri, a Brazilian, originally played with Sao Bento in Rio de Janeiro.

The American Soccer League which operates on the east coast of the United States and who came awfully close to total collapse last year have announced that they will operate with at least a six-team league this year. Three new franchises have already been awarded to the New York Greeks, the Syracuse Suns and a newly formed Washington club called the Capitol Cavaliers.

ASL business manager Earl Saurman has indicated that negotiations are being conducted which may lead to the granting of two additional franchises for the 1971 season. The American Soccer League is the oldest professional soccer league in the United States and was formed in 1933.

Sol, Valencia's international full-back.

VALEN TRIU IN SP

Report from...

THE final whistle blew ... the scoreboard read ESPANOL 1 VALENCIA 0 ... and 20,000 visiting supporters erupted with delirious cheers, invading the pitch, tearing shirts from players' backs, dancing with joy, flag waving and letting off fireworks by the dozen. Valencia had been well and truly beaten, wrecked by nerves, in that last all-important match—yet were hysterically proclaimed winners of Spain's 40th League Championship. Champions again after 24 long, frustrating years.

The "Ches" (Valencia) triumphed in the face of relentless pressure from Atletico Madrid and Barcelona, in a terrific, cliff hanging battle that was not decided until the last second of the last day of the League season. Had Barcelona won their difficult game in Madrid against Atletico, instead of drawing 1-1, they would have been champions.

Computer

Ten matches from the end, with Valencia leading the table by three points, it was still an even chance—supported by computer "evidence"—that four teams would end mathematically level (Spanish mathematics). But so consistent were Valencia's performances, no other team was able to completely close the gap, a feat that in any other season would not have been difficult or unusual. Valencia, after gaining 15 of the previous 18 points, suffered that shock defeat by loaly Espanol which enabled Barcelona to equal them on points. Only Valencia's superior goal-average in their matches with Barcelona (2-2 and 2-0) gave them the title.

Nevertheless it was a remarkable achievement, if an unsatisfactory finish. An ordinary team, Valencia acquired, through the guidance and influence of one man, manager Alfredo Di Stefano, a professionalism and dedication that brought the consistency (until the last, almost fatal, match) that is so vitally necessary in Spain's short 30-match League programme (to be increased by four matches next season).

Yes, Valencia captured the title for the fourth time in their history ... and it's a good thing that Spain's championship is no longer dominated by one or two clubs. But I would hardly describe Valencia as the ideal champions. They triumphed, but never entertained. Their campaign was successful because in veteran Vidagany, Anibal, Sol, Anton and the midfield Claramunt (the last three Kubala Boys) they had a remarkable and unflappable defence (19 goals against in 30 matches is something) ... yet were boring and monotonous because they were so workmanlike and unimaginative.

But for Claramunt's incredible one-man pipeline they might never have reached double figures in their "goals for" column. He was the precision motor of the side and must have teed-up at least 20 goals for their youthful, inexperienced yet enthusiastic attack.

Penetrate

The pattern, I suppose, is logical ... that "Stef", one of the world's great forwards, should create a defensive block that few could penetrate. He knew all the ways through as a player and based his defence on that knowledge.

Although one of Spain's best known clubs, Valencia was not formed until the First World War ended ... 21 years, in fact, after Atletico Bilbao became the pioneer of Spanish football.

The game was introduced to the capital of Turia some time previously by students, sons of rich Valencia exporters, who had returned from England and were longing to play the game they had learnt in public schools and colleges. But although several abortive attempts were made to form a reasonable Valencia club, it was not until early 1919 that two local businessmen, Don Octavia Milagro and Don Gonzalo Medina, were able to whip up sufficient support.

The first game was played—and lost

Anton, centre-half of Valencia.

ENCIA UMPH SPAIN

NORMAN CUTLER

Vidagany, full-back of Valencia.

—in Castellon on May 21, 1919, but not until two months later did the "pioneer" spectators see their own side in action. Even when under way it was touch and go for a long time and several times the founders lost heart and almost abandoned the project.

Fortunately the Olympics in Belgium (1920), during which Spain beat Sweden, Italy and Holland, created a nation-wide wave of football interest ... the tottering Valencia club benefited and soon after began to prosper. They joined the Regional League and during the succeedings years became the most powerful side in the southern section.

Promoted

When the National Spanish League was formed in 1928–29 Valencia were elected to the Second Division together with clubs like Seville, Gijon, Oviedo and Coruna. Two years later (in 1930–31) they were promoted as Second Division champions ... and have been permanently in the Premier Division ever since.

The peak period of the "Ches" history began in 1941–42. During the following 11 glorious years Valencia were Spanish champions three times, runners-up three times and third three times. And during the same period won the Spanish Cup three times and were losing finalists three times.

After that, like most successful teams, they slipped from glory and the limelight. Their prestige suffered for the same reason that so many Spanish clubs have suffered ... a succession of presidents and the stupidity of continually changing managers. In the ten years since 1960–61 there have been seven managers at Estadio Luis Casanova. Balmanya, Barinaga and Scopelli are the only three who fulfilled their contracts. It has been "The Flight of the Managers" with a vengeance ... equalled only by the managerial "change around" of Barcelona (until Vic Buckingham arrived) and Real Mallorca.

Domingo Balmanya joined Valencia in 1960-61 and in the following season led them to an impressive 7-3 victory over Barcelona in the Fairs Cup final. When his contract ended a few days after that much needed triumph, Balmanya was out ... replaced by Alejandro Scopelli. Valencia retained the Fairs Cup under the Argentine manager but one season was enough for him. Scopelli left when his one-year contract finished.

Replaced

Bernado Pasieguito, his successor, lasted for five months. A shattering 4-0 league defeat by Barcelona ended the ex-player's reign. Next day Mundo, another ex-player, took over. It's difficult to grasp, but Mundo lasted 17 months ... then for the usual whim he was replaced by Sabino Barinaga (now manager of FAR and the Moroccan National XI). "Dr. Sabino" saved Valencia from relegation, fulfilled his contract, then marched along that well worn corridor from the manager's office to the street ... and believe it or not, Mundo was back in the hottest of hot seats. During this second Mundo period Valencia gained another of their elusive honours when they won the Spanish Cup beating Cup-winning specialists Atletico Bilbao 3-1 in Madrid.

But, alas, this didn't satisfy the president and board. In the October, Valencia, languishing near the bottom of the league were beaten 4-1 by Malaga ... next morning Mundo was on his way again. Former Real Madrid star, Josieto (Jose Iglesia) became the new chopping block. Exactly a year later (October 14, 1969) history repeated itself.

Criticised

After taking the side from bottom to eighth, Josieto was severely criticised by the Board for a home draw with Celta de Vigo, said "Adios" to his players and went on his way. (He's now manager of Granada.)

This time the change caused a public outcry. Josieto was a great favourite, and in any case had performed a miracle in saving the club from the Second Division the previous season. To smokescreen their decision the president and company became pontifical about introducing the English form of management ... team manager, coach, and general manager. They appointed Enrique Buque team manager and Salvador Artigas, sacked the previous day from Barcelona, as general manager.

The Buque-Artigas tandem succeeded — it continued the valuable build-up started by Josieto—and at long last Valencia were on the road to better times. They finished fifth in the League (1969–70) and reached the Spanish Cup Final (1970), losing 3-1 to Real Madrid in the most thrilling of games. It was their most successful season for years.

But unknown to anyone, the guillotine had been prepared. Three weeks before the final, at the peak of their success, Buque and Artigas, without the slightest hint, read in their morning papers that their contracts would not be renewed and that Alfredo Di Stefano had been appointed manager and would receive the club's highest-ever fee.

POLAND HALT RUN OF SUCCESS

SWISS NEWS by ARTHUR ROTMIL

SWITZERLAND'S run of improved performances was brutally halted with a 2-4 defeat at Lausanne against an athletic, fast and clever Poland. Once again the Helvetians had been lulled into a false sense of strength, having previously disposed of a couple of modest opponents like Malta and Greece in three successive matches.

After the 5-0 win over Malta, which retained Switzerland's leadership in this European Championship group ahead of England, the setback against Poland, fortunately in a friendly game, has nevertheless brought soccer followers here, together with (it is hoped!) those responsible for the national side, back to the ground floor of reality.

The match served as a preparation for the home encounter with Greece—the last EC game before the clashes with England, later in the year. The 16,000 crowd at Lausanne's Olympic stadium were soon disenchanted with their team and having adopted a critical attitude almost from the start, they had in the end every reason to voice their disapproval. For the blunt truth is, that the referee—Hamlet of Belgium—disallowed, for some obscure reasons, two further Polish goals.

Opposition

The biggest Swiss sports paper *Sport* of Zurich admitted this honestly and used the word "stole"(!), adding that the Poles should also have had a penalty! The majority of experts were agreed that this was Switzerland's toughest opposition for three years, since in fact they played West Germany in April 1968.

The Swiss took the lead through Künzli (23) but then followed four goals for the visitors from Szoltysik (37), Banas (53), Deyna (74) and Lubanski (75). Eleven minutes from time Kuhn reduced the arrears to make it 2-4.

It was a great début for Poland's new manager Kazimierz Gorski, a former Legia Warsaw forward, and who for the last couple of years was in charge of the national youth team and more recently of the Under-23 side.

The Poles left a big impression on the German boss Helmut Schön who came over to watch his country's main adversaries in their EC group.

Squeezed

The first international (at A-level) ever staged in the beautiful holiday resort of Lucerne drew a capacity 18,000 gate at the Allmend stadium. The expected goal-rush against the modest Maltese was inexplicably squeezed between the 14th and 29th minutes. One can accept that the Swiss needed a quarter-of-an-hour to find their rhythm—but having then hit five goals in rapid succession, through Blättler (14), Künzli (18), Quentin (25), Citherlet (27) and Müller (29), it was unbelievable that the Swiss then failed to score again in the last hour of the match!

Triumphed

Malta's regular 'keeper Mizzi had enough after the fifth goal and was replaced by reserve Borg-Bonaci, who remained unbeaten! But the Swiss crowded the midfield, neglected the space on the wings and also suffered from too many attempts at individual exploits, to the detriment of cohesion and teamwork. Of course it is easy to criticise and is perhaps unfair in view of the 5-0 score line.

April 21 was, in fact, a great day for Swiss football, as the national sides triumphed in all four matches at different levels. Apart from the principal contest with Malta, the Olympic team composed of true amateurs, beat the full Danish national side by 2-1. This result ranks as one of the most humiliating defeats in the history of Danish soccer.

Next the Swiss Under-23 team beat their Danish counterparts by 1-0. Finally the youth team qualified by defeating Malta 2-0 for the UEFA tournament due to be held in Czechoslovakia. Of course, all these wins were registered at home, so perhaps one shouldn't read too much into such results, but for a small country it's not every day that fans can celebrate such a clean sweep.

Since then, incidentally, the Olympic XI crashed 0-4 in the return in Denmark, but at least the B-team, equivalent to the Under-23s, held Poland at Szczecin to a goalless draw.

Muller scores Switzerland's fifth goal against Malta.

PETER ARGO

who visited the islands of Hawaii last month, took time off to look at the local soccer scene. He writes:

Mixture of races evident

WHEN you think about Hawaii and sport' most people conjure up a picture of surfers riding home monstrous waves. Therefore, I was surprised to find that the group of paradise islands has a strong soccer movement.

In fact, soccer has been played in Hawaii for about 40 years and the present Hawaii Soccer Football Association was formed ten years ago. It even has a newsletter called Hawaii Soccer News, which keeps fans informed on the local scene.

The ten teams in the Hawaii league probably represent more nationalities than any other competition in the world. There are around 30 nations represented and these include the United States, England, Scotland, Ireland, Eire, Wales, France, Germany, Hong Kong, Italy, Fiji, Tahiti, Tonga, Gilbert and Ellice Islands, New Zealand, Peru, Chile, Mexico, Brazil, Thailand, West Indies, Samoa, India, Nigeria, Holland, Belgium and Austria.

Tension

But, even with such a mixture of races, there is not the slightest tension in the competition (unlike the ugly racial rows that flare up at some matches in Australia). This is typical of the way the races live, work and play together as one in Hawaii.

Soccer's popularity is spreading quickly in Honolulu, capital of the Aloha state of the USA. This is due mainly to the enthusiasm and work put into the sport by the administrators, people like the association secretary, Alan Chase, an American who spends much of his time promoting the sport; Peter Wilcox, the chairman; and Ernest Lewis, chairman from 1964 to 1970, when a heart attack forced him to retire.

"Somehow Alan found out that I am a friend of Sir Stanley Rous," Mr. Lewis recalled while I was having dinner with him in the spectacular Ilikai Hotel on Honolulu's Waikiki Beach strip. "I came to live in Hawaii after I retired from BOAC and with Alan showing so much enthusiasm, I was soon involved in the local soccer scene.

"The standard here is not high, but we have our share of successes against teams from visiting ships. However, the standard is improving, particularly now that soccer is catching on among young people. Already, eight high schools play the sport.

"In America, soccer is looked upon as a status symbol and it is the thing to be able to say: 'I play soccer.'"

(By the way, television fans who watch the series "Hawaii Five-O" will see Mr. Lewis on their screens because he often plays small parts.)

Mountain

Soccer in Honolulu is probably played on the most picturesque ground in the world. It is played on Kapiolani Park adjacent to Waikiki Beach, with the famous Diamond Head mountain as a back-drop.

Outside Honolulu, little soccer is played in the State, although there are a couple of teams in Hilo on the island of Hawaii (Honolulu is on the island of Oahu).

Honolulu International headed the league record list for the first time last season, winning 23 of their 28 matches. However, they were beaten 1-2 by University of Hawaii Rainbows in the 1971 Hawaii Cup Final. Other teams in the competition are Church College (made up of Mormons, Tahitians and Fijians), Soccer Club of Hawaii (originally a German team), Honolulu United (originally English), Eastern, Oahu Kickers, Schofield Warriors (a military team), Wah Ching (a Chinese team) and Honolulu Athletic.

World SOCCER and the Soccer World

IT is the policy of WORLD SOCCER to bring you news of football wherever it is played. In this month's edition, for example, WORLD SOCCER correspondents send reports from two unlikely outposts . . . the Seychelles and Hawaii. These two soccer minnows may not be able to compete with the giants of the soccer world but they provide ample proof of the worldwide appeal of the game played and watched by hundreds of millions of people.

WORLD SOCCER can also boast of a skilled team of football writers based throughout the world . . . Norman Cutler in Madrid, Eric Weil in Buenos Aires, Andre Duclos in Paris, Hans Molenaar in Amsterdam, Andrew Dettre in Sydney, Arthur Rotmil in Switzerland and West Germany, Peter Jackson in Cardiff, Colin McAlpin in Belfast, Arne Jensen in Copenhagen, Frank Sjoman in Sweden, Henry Brincat in Malta, Colin Jose in the United States and Philip Evans in Italy are regular contributors.

In next month's edition Philip Rising will report from Athens on the European Cup Winners Cup final between Chelsea and Real Madrid, Brian Glanville will be at Wembley for the European Cup Final between Ajax Amsterdam and Panathinaikos and Roger Macdonald will cover the two-legged final of the Fairs Cup involving Leeds United and Juventus. Jack Rollin will review the Home International Championship.

USA and Canada compete

from COLIN JOSE in Toronto

THIS summer the amateur international teams of the United States and Canada come out of their three years of hibernation to compete once again in the preliminary rounds of the Olympic Soccer Tournament.

Canada is the first to start, playing Bermuda on the Atlantic island on May 30 and then moving on to Mexico for a game on June 8. Their home games against the same two nations will be played on June 13 in Toronto (Bermuda), and on August 25 in Vancouver (Mexico). Originally Cuba was also in this group but dropped out for financial reasons.

The National Executive Committee of the Canadian Soccer Football Association has appointed one of the country's top soccer executives, John McMahon as the manager of their team. McMahon has enjoyed outstanding success as the general manager of Toronto City Soccer Club both in the field of youth soccer, and in the promotion of international tour games.

Climate

Frank Pike, who was the assistant coach to Peter Dinsdale of the 1968 Canadian World Cup team, will coach the team. Pike has the exceptionally difficult task of bringing together the best players from a country that stretches for 3,987 miles and has no national leagues.

Recently he has been viewing players on the west coast where the regular season takes place during the winter due to a milder climate, but at Easter switched back to the east where the season has not yet begun.

About ten days before the first game against Bermuda, Frank Pike, who was at one time the coach of the Rochester Lancers when they were members of the American Soccer League, will bring together his best 22 players, and from these he will select his final 16 for the Olympic games.

However, much of this still depends on the CSFA being able to raise the approximately $45,000 needed to continue this year's international programme, which includes participation in the Pan American games scheduled for Cali, Columbia. The CSFA have announced that unless this money is raised then they will "have no alternative but to withdraw from the Olympic competition, which could have detrimental consequences on the Association's preparations for the Olympics scheduled for 1976 in Montreal".

Standards

United States coach Bob Guelker, who began his preparations as far back as last September, is faced with many of the same problems of Frank Pike, particularly with regard to distance and the plethora of leagues of such widely differing standards.

One encouraging sign in the US is that Guelker has been able to turn to some of the US colleges for players. It is generally acknowledged these days that if soccer is to assume the role of a major sport in the US it will have to come through the growth of the game in, and the increased playing standards of, the colleges.

Only two fixtures for the US team have been officially announced. These are against the Barbados in Miami on July 25 and in Bridgetown on August 22. The other team in this group is El Salvador.

Laumen of Monchen-Gladbach.

Goalpost collapses and causes match to be abandoned!

THE biggest talking point in West Germany recently centred around the unusual case of the collapsed goal in Mönchen-Gladbach. Two minutes from the end of Borussia's game with Werder Bremen, the visiting 'keeper Bernard and local forward Laumen crashed into the netting with such force that the entire goal was shattered.

Since, contrary to regulations, there were no spare posts available and all efforts to rebuild the goal had failed, the referee had no alternative but to abandon the match. As the score was 1-1, Borussia were not particularly interested in playing out the remaining couple of minutes and so only the Bremen players tried to repair the damage, in order to get this valuable away point!

In view of the circumstances it was hardly surprising that the DFB awarded the match on a 2-0 forfeit to Bremen and in addition fined Borussia £180 for negligence. The club lodged an immediate protest and until its appeal is dealt with, the result of this game will not be included in the table. But it would indeed be tragic if the German championship were to be decided by the loss of points in such controversial fashion. It wasn't incidentally the only shock for Borussia, as only a few days later they were knocked in the quarter-finals of the Cup by Fortuna Düsseldorf, from the Regional-Liga West, by 3-1!

RUSSIA ANGRY

THE President of the Soviet Football Federation has criticised English officials for not sending players to participate in the Lev Yashin farewell match in Moscow on May 27.

The official, Mr. Valentin Granatkin, said at a Press conference in Moscow that the Soviet Union had invited players from England to play for the World XI against Moscow Dynamo. Bobby Moore, Bobby Charlton and Gordon Banks had all been invited, but refused because of club commitments.

"To our great sorrow, England likes to organise such (farewell) matches at home in England, but does not send players to similar matches abroad," he said. Mr. Granatkin recalled that when the FIFA team played against Brazil in 1968, there was no English player in the side.

"Despite the formal reason for refusing to send English players to the Yashin match, we think that the English Football officials could have sent at least one footballer," he said.

Mr. Granatkin also said that Brazilian star Pelé had been invited, but was unable to play. Pelé replied that it would be a great honour to appear, but his team, Santos, was due to play in Bolivia towards the end of May and he could not be released.

Mr. Granatkin said the Moscow match was organised to mark Yashin's great contribution to the development of football and his popularity all over the world.

Yashin told reporters that among the most memorable matches for him were the FIFA match against England in 1963, the FIFA match against Brazil in 1968 and Stanley Matthews' benefit game in 1964.

The Moscow Dynamo team for the match will include players from the Dynamo clubs of Kiev, Minsk and Tbilisi.

Bobby Charlton, turned down an invitation to play in a farewell match in honour of Lev Yashin.

Bernd Dorfel.

Cup Final victory for Servette

SERVETTE won the Swiss Cup, thanks to a 2-0 victory over Lugano, before a crowd of 39,000 at the Wankdorf stadium in Berne on Easter Monday. It was their tenth final, but only the third trophy and they deserved it for a more imaginative and efficient performance which a strangely lethargic "Ticinese" somehow never matched. Man of the match was Servette's German forward Bernd Dörfel, who also prepared both goals by Desbiolles and Marchi.

In the championship, the duel between Grasshoppers and defending champs Basle is gradually turning in favour of the former. GC have run riot against relegation candidates Fribourg whom they crushed by 10-1! Since the foundation of the National League (1933) there have been 15 games which included double figures—the highest scores being Lausanne's 15-2 win over St. Gallen (1937) and Chaux-de-Fonds' 13-0 triumph against Cantonal (1948). The last goal spree of such proportions was Basle's 10-0 against Moutier in October 1966.

Grasshoppers have been fortunate to be spared injuries and in fact managed to field practically the same XI since mid-September. After their last defeat on August 29 (1-3 in Basle), they played 18 games without loss, gaining 34 points, whilst scoring 46-10 goals. But Basle are still fighting desperately to catch up and can at least be proud of their home record: Basle's last defeat at the St. Jakob stadium goes back to June 1, 1968!

Mexico declines Australian tour

WHAT only a few months ago appeared to be an unbearably crowded international programme has now become rather light. First the Australian Federation decided against sending its national team on another world tour in November fearing yet another heavy loss similar to the one experienced in 1970 (writes ANDREW DETTRE).

In its place, they invited Mexico to send its national team over here for a series of four matches—and this was gratefully accepted. However, Mexico have now bowed out despite lucrative terms that none of the glamour touring teams of the past ever received. That may well leave an unwanted hiatus at the end of the Australian season, unless the ASF can find another Latin American team at short notice.

To further ease the burden on the local schedule list, Sydney has declined to play even once against the Welsh visiting XI on their way home from New Zealand. The point that New South Wales should never, but never refuse to play Wales seemed lost on Sydney officialdom who pleaded a reluctance to interrupt the domestic championship for the sake of the Welshmen.

Former Australian international Ron Corry dives to save in a recent Sydney championship match.

Judgement

So the only certainty at this stage is the visit of an English FA team in June—a wildly unexciting prospect, considering that Wolverhampton's Mike Bailey and London's irrepressible Rodney Marsh are the only "name players" in the party.

Sir Alf Ramsey, by not coming with those players he is supposed to keep under "close scrutiny" for future England team duties, has inadvertently passed judgement over this motley crew that was assembled by invitation for a tour Down Under. I, personally, together with thousands of others, regard this treatment somewhat high-handed; the days are gone when ANY English team received due accolade in this former colony.

At the end of October Australia will play in the initial "Oceania Cup" in Noumea, an exercise of dubious value. Still, this may be a step in the right direction as it's the first time since the formation of the malfunctioning Oceania Confederation that such an event is at least planned.

The main topic in Sydney sporting circles this year has been the rapidly falling attendances. Rugby League and racing, two of the traditional yardsticks, both show a sharp decline. So it's doubly pleasant to note that soccer's crowds this year are about 10 per cent up on 1970. Admittedly, only a handful of clubs draw well while others, in a parasitic fashion, struggle to survive in a more affluent company. A recent First Division match attracted about 300 spectators on a balmy autumn Saturday afternoon and the funereal atmosphere produced a match for which the spectators should have been paid to watch.

Triumphs

With six rounds completed in the season, Sydney's leading team is the mighty St. George-Budapest, fresh from their Tokyo triumphs. They have collected 10 points, after drawing twice, and have conceded only one goal while scoring 19. They now have no fewer than nine full Australian internationals in their team, a tempting case for the ASF to field the Saints *in toto* for Australia. Alas, this is impossible—St. George's coach, Rale Rasic, is also the coach and manager of Australia and he is unlikely to offend other clubs' sensibilities. The Saints are now planning another overseas tour, which may take in Europe at the end of the year.

In hot pursuit of St. George are last year's champions Hakoah, now under the care of former Sunderland star Charlie Fleming. Hakoah also have half a dozen full Austrian internationals but somehow lack the flair and urgency of St. George. Their team is very heavily built on Scots—Hafley, Gardiner, Marnoch, Rutherford, Yardley and Davey all hailing from Scotland.

Yardley perhaps rates a special mention here. He returned to Sydney in January, migrating to Australia for the third time since 1965, certainly some sort of a record. However, this time he elected to go to Hakoah who had arranged his free release from Tranmere Rovers. Now 29, Yardley still possesses an awesome shot but seems to have lost his speed and zest, two prerequisites in the not too skilful but very fast Sydney soccer.

Just how long he stays this time is anybody's guess; usually, after a few months, "Big George" starts to pine for the "atmosphere" of English soccer and packs his bags. Maybe he has matured enough now to stay put for a while.

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WHERE DID ATTACKING FLAIR GO?

PERSONAL OPINION by LESLIE VERNON

EXCUSE my yawn, but I must say that the past football season was one of the most disappointing in the game's long history. Following the World Cup, we hoped for a minor revolution—after all, the Brazilians proved that glorious attacking football was still the best way of winning matches and attracting audiences.

Instead of the expected "wind of change", the European game sank into the morass of mediocrity even further, and the most apt description of the past nine months would be—a season of the slow hand-clap!

This sad and ugly sound has reverberated round the League grounds and has finally reached Wembley. Even in this shrine of British football, the 55,000 worshippers couldn't bear to watch the boring anti-football of England and Greece without giving vent to their disenchantment. In my mind there is no doubt that the standard of world football has reached an alarmingly low level, at a time when other sports where results can be measured (swimming, athletics, etc.) improve consistently.

Engraved

No one would deny that whichever team wins the European Cup, their name does not deserve to be engraved on the trophy which was once held by Real Madrid and Benfica. The English champions complain that they do not get the praise and the recognition they think is their due. The reason, of course, is that their plodding efficiency, lack of real style and class can extract only a measure of grudging approval, but does not inspire genuine enthusiasm.

The easy answer to this general decline is that the players are treated with kid gloves and are overpaid. In the '50s, one of the very few opportunities a working-class boy had of seeing the world and earning good money was through sporting achievements. Nowadays there are many more ways, less self-sacrificing, of gaining affluency—the "hungry fighters" of football are an extinct race.

Still, with the help of scientific aids and advanced training methods, the game should flourish—not flounder. The problem is a real one. The UEFA bigwigs are arranging a special series of meetings in order to find a solution to dwindling attendances and violence on and off the pitch. I would categorise the causes of this world-wide football sickness under four headings.

1. The propagation of negative play and number fetish. The defensive mania is more prevalent than ever before. Almost every club side and national team is committed to a rigid 4-3-3. Most teams use one winger and two strikers, while the England manager persists with three strikers bunched in the middle of the field.

Discouraged

The players are blackboard-bound; flexibility, flair and any individual tactical move not only discouraged, but often punished. Players of immense skill and potential are forced to follow the "party-line", which eventually turns them into unthinking automatons. The obvious consequence of these policies is a goal famine and lack of goalmouth incidents.

The enormous sums paid for footballers and to them is often justified by the fact that they are entertainers like pop-singers, etc. But at present they are not allowed or not capable of "entertaining".

Ball-players Osgood, Hudson, Cooke and Houseman delighted the crowd with old-fashioned, intuitive touch-football — why can't they or others reproduce the same blend more consistently? We have reached the stage when 4-2-4 is considered an adventurous, positive formation and most teams rely on 4-4-2 when they are playing away.

It is pitiful to watch the strikers struggle up-front without support, not only outnumbered, but physically ill-treated. No wonder that the power of the Hursts, Benes and Rivas are blunted and they lose their appetite for the game after the countless suicide missions they have to endure. Several crackpot ideas have been propagated to encourage goal scoring. Most of them are unworkable, unfair and wide open to abuse.

2. Misbehaviour of players. Off-the-field activities of these spoilt young men are, quite rightly, often hushed up. Who is interested in the private life of the Inter Milan goalkeeper or the Ajax inside-forward? What is more important is that they should behave like sportsmen for 90 minutes per week.

Tactical

The clogging has to stop! No more phoney injuries, sly kidney punches and referee baiting. The evil spread of tactical fouling must be halted. Rioting footballers, whether they are in Argentina or Turkey, must be put in a dock in a civil court. Let the police deal with hooligans who are not fit to wear the jersey of a decent club. The public are sick and tired of these pampered prima-donnas who collect money under false pretences and bring a great sport into disrepute.

3. Managerial irresponsibility. Constant criticism of referees reached its unsavoury peak when Don Revie said that members of the public were justified in attacking an official if they disagreed with his decisions. He advocates the advent of full-time professional refs who would be less likely to make mistakes.

In other words, you cannot expect a ref to blow for offside when he only gets ten quid—for 50, he might use his whistle more often. This "pro ref" idea is one of the red herrings constantly dangled in front of a naive public. A pseudo argument which can be dragged out at frequent intervals.

Iota

There are more riots, scandals, sent-off players and injured spectators in South and Central American countries than anywhere else. The amount of money paid to referees does not make an iota of difference.

4. Inconsistent refereeing. I have discussed this question in this column recently, and it is one which must be and can be solved. Uniformity of interpretation of the laws by all FIFA refs, and a stricter, more inflexible use of the disciplinary measures are urgently wanted. The rules of football are clear, simple—all we need are men of character and guts who are capable and grave enough to enforce them.

NORMAN CUTLER'S inside stories

Barinaga summoned to Morocco by the King!

SABINO BARINAGA and the Morocco international side, en route to Nigeria for their Olympic Games match, trained for three days at Real Madrid's Sports City. Being an old friend I naturally looked him up. He gave me, emphasised with expressions and gesticulations that recalled "Arabian Nights", the first inside story of his picture-book appointment to the management of FAR (Royal Armed Forces of Morocco) and the international side.

"Six weeks after the season started, when FAR were last but one in the Morocco League, an official of the Royal Household (the King is president of the club) came to Madrid to seek a new manager.

"He talked to several people and a few days later, when I returned from holiday in Mallorca, he approached me and asked my conditions. He left Madrid that same night, but from the airport telephoned me to say he would report to King Hassan and if my terms were acceptable an air ticket would be arranged so I could visit the country before accepting a contract.

Journey

Sabino went on, in his humorous manner: "I was staggered 24 hours later when a cable literally 'ordered' me to fly to Rabat at once. I went, thinking I could always say 'No' if I wasn't satisfied. At the airport I was met and told the King wanted to see me ... and was whisked away like magic without even being given time to clean up after the journey.

"King Hassan was very sympathetic and friendly. He talked for a long time, asking questions about European football and explaining the performances and problems of FAR. I was amazed that he was so informed."

(It was Barinaga that was uninformed for he didn't realise how enthusiastic King Hassan was about football ... that when Crown Prince he instituted the now famous Trophy Mohammed V in honour of his father, and was the driving power behind the game.)

After the interview Barinaga was taken to meet and lunch with officials of the Morocco Football Association, then driven to the FAR Stadium where "... immediately we arrived I was told by the general manager that he had just received orders from the King to place the whole playing staff in my charge as from that moment. 'Madre Mia' I never had a chance to say 'No' even had I wanted to."

(The miracle Barinaga performed with the off-form, disillusioned FAR side—most of the players were suffering from the effects of the Mexico games—is no secret. Eleven matches without defeat, an own-goal reverse, then more and more success, bigger crowds and a completely "new look" side.)

Sabino went on: "I came home in November when the league was suspended for the international matches with Algeria. But the few days with my family were cut short by a 'return at once' cable. I flew back to Rabat next day, somewhat mystified, to find that the cable had been sent on the King's instructions and that he wanted to see me immediately.

Document

"At the Palace King Hassan apologised for not seeing me since I had taken over FAR and offered his congratulations on the team's success. He was silent for a few moments, then picked up a document and said: "Señor Barinaga, I've followed your work with FAR step by step and am convinced that the same training methods, understanding and discipline are necessary with the national side. In a few days the Minister of Sport will officially announce your appointment as manager of Morocco's international side. He then stood up, shook hands, patted my shoulder and said: 'Good bye and thank you.'

"It happened just like that. I'd been in Morocco less than three months ... and there I was landed with the biggest and most difficult job of all. It recalled last year when I went to Nigeria to give an opinion of their 'B' team ... and was handed the management of the Nigerian World Cup side."

Sabino Barinaga, summoned to Morocco by King Hassan.

Watching the Moroccans' training session I was surprised at the tremendous enthusiasm, speed, capacity to improvise and above all the eagerness of the players to learn and take instructions. Morocco's success in the Mexico World Cup has certainly created a deeper, greater and most impressive interest in the game.

And Sabino Barinaga? It seems that once again ... as in Valencia, Seville, Atletico Madrid, Nigeria and Mallorca ... he is once again living up to his name ... "Dr." Sabino ... Spain's Flying Football Doctor.

MONEY TALKS ...

Valencia players received a special bonus of £1,800 each for winning the Spanish Championship ... plus the proceeds from a benefit match which will bring them another £500. That's £2,300 in addition to their £70 a month salary, £4,000 a year signing fee and the £18,000 they share from the season's win-draw bonus pool. Quite acceptable ... when you consider they played only 30 matches.

... MONEY DOESN'T TALK

In contrast Barcelona paid their players £24,000 in normal bonus alone during the season ... then lost the Championship by goal-average.

The "incentive awards" ... payola is the better word ... given for the last vital matches were terrific. Espanol v. Valencia! If Valencia lost, the winners of the Atletico Madrid-Barcelona game would be Champions. So, Barcelona offered Espanol players a £350 incentive to beat the leaders. Atletico did the same. Espanol duly obliged 1-0 ... but as Atletico and Barcelona drew 1-1 neither became Championship winners, so had to pay out something around £4,000 for nothing. At least I presume they paid out?

ATLETICO MADRID'S TWO TITLES

Atletico Madrid—being Atletico—just could not relinquish the League title gracefully. Referee Medina Iglesias was honest, competent and completely in control of their vital game with Barcelona. But in the second half he refused to award Madrid a penalty for some alleged infringement. There were protests, but Señor Iglesias remained firm.

Two days later Atletico Madrid "Banned Medina Iglesias for life" ... i.e. they would never again agree to his refereeing one of their games. This added the "Most Unsporting Team" to their already acquired "Most Incorrect Team" title (they were first but one in the official Correction Table).

FASHION PLATES

The Ajax-Atletico Madrid European Cup struggle is old news. But did you know that the Dutch side has the longest hair, the most beautiful legs and the shortest shirts in football? Wait, don't get me wrong. Let me explain.

When they arrived in Madrid the Ajax players were quite something. Elegant, dressed with sartorial perfection, like fashion plates, but with hair —professionally groomed—that literally rested on their shoulders. They looked like a 16-strong "Pop Group" and played the same way, in discord. During the match we just couldn't identify the players because most of the time their faces were covered by a mass of falling hair.

As for the legs and skirts. They brought 50 beautiful girl fans with the most fabulous legs, all uncovered in micro-skirts. The party literally stopped the capital's traffic and even made the Old Masters blush when they visited the famous Prado Art Museum. Madrid will never be the same again.

But even with all that build-up and inspiration Ajax were just a lot of hot (h)air.

DOUBLE VICTORY FOR ARSENAL

ARSENAL'S deserved victory in a disappointing FA Cup Final completed an outstanding season for the Highbury based club. Five days earlier Arsenal clinched the league title with a 1-0 victory at Tottenham.

Although the Cup Final went to extra-time for a second successive year, Arsenal had enough chances to secure victory in normal time. Ray Kennedy, who scored the vital goal at Tottenham, missed a number of of reasonable openings . . . one chance in particular, created by John Radford soon after the start of the second half, should have been taken.

Steve Heighway opened the scoring for Liverpool in extra-time with a characteristic goal but Arsenal came back strongly to equalise through Eddie Kelly. Charlie George scored the winning goal

In the picture above, Arsenal goalkeeper Bob Wilson clears his lines during a Liverpool attack.

Youngsters to watch Part two

Powell is white hope for Derby next term

by ERIC THORNTON

THEY always told dear old Mrs. Worthington not to send her daughter on the stage, and if I remember correctly all the soccer stars between the wars were equally determined that none of their sons would become professional footballers.

Which was very laudable remembering the bread-and-cheese livings handed out by most clubs in the '20s and '30s. Yet it happened. Yes, time and again. And is doing so every year as we move from one decade to another, and along the family trees.

That special point became particularly prominent as I gradually checked club lists of midfield men and defenders for this second article in the series spotlighting the likely Stars Of Tomorrow on the British scene.

Coming up for a start is **Steve Powell.** That's a name which will always ring a bell for Derby fans. Nobody alongside the Derwent will ever forget Tommy Powell, the goalkeeper they idolised at the Baseball ground from one season to another.

Recruited

Now, the 15-year-old son and heir is taking up the challenge. And even before Brian Clough recruited him to the Rams list of young hopefuls the boy Steve had caught the eye of those who know the game, and had been marked up as an England schoolboy prospect.

Another one in that same midfield category is **Paul Hart.** He's the 17-year-old son of Johnny. Remember the headlines? Hart senior was going places with Manchester City 16 years ago when he broke a leg at Huddersfield, a week before the team's Cup semi-final of 1955, and missed successive Wembley appearances.

Now one of the Maine Road trainers, Dad is probably wondering if transfer history may repeat itself when the boy develops with Stockport, and take Paul to Arsenal. Like it did David Herd, a County fledgling when the Highbury folk signed him up, and son of Alec, ex-City star both sides of the war.

The days of Arthur Rowley, Jackie Froggatt, Willie Cunningham, Tony Knapp, Johnny Morris, Stan Milburn, and Derek Hines were great ones for Leicester. Which makes one sit up and take notice of **Ian Hines.**

This time, however, it is not a chip off the old block, but a North Wales youngster who had the scouts from all points of Britain buzzing around his native Flintshire village of Rhydymyn like nobody's business a little while ago.

A 17-year-old full-back who was queueing for a place in the Welsh youth team immediately after winning his schools' cap, Ian was wanted by Wolves, Spurs, Everton and a dozen others, and when the hunt hotted up it was like the Pytchley running the quarry to earth!

His future was wide open, and it was anybody's guess who would finally land him. In the end, Nottingham Forest were surprise winners. They moved quietly ahead of the rest, and then arranged the boyo to take up residence at the City ground after passing his "O" levels. At any rate, he got off to a fine start, as he was almost bound to do with such a famous name.

One might remark that the same applied to Queen's Park Rangers' **Martin,** a powerful, young midfield player. But Martin what? Oh, yes. The surname in this instance is—wait for it!—**BUSBY.** He's got a brother, Viv, who had a trial spin with Rangers, then Wycombe Wanderers, and later moved on to Luton as a goal-scoring inside man.

The Guthries of the Northumberland pit village of Burradon are next. Ron, at 25, is with Newcastle. Now, brother Chris, just 16, has got his eyes on the stars. Having climbed up from his own school team into that of South Northumberland, and then been fitted for an England boys' shirt, he became an obvious prospect for St. James's.

Contract

Derek Rickard is already developing into a good youngster for Plymouth, because Argyle boss Ellis Stuttard quickly recognised the Devon boy's possibilities. Just as soon as anybody could, he wooed him away from Devonport Dockyard, and had the Rickard signature on a full-time contract, with a two-year option.

Both Derby and Watford are continuing to comb North Wales territory, no doubt always hoping they may discover somebody likely to become yet another Billy Meredith, Mike England, Tommy Jones, Ron or Wyn Davies.

At the moment, County are enthusiastic about a Caernarvon 15-year-old by the name of **Ken Jones,** who is specialising in the duties of full-back, while the Vicarage Road folk are especially interested in **Percy Allen,** a Welsh amateur cap who first impressed with Bangor City.

Stuart Jump is another whom you should watch—because he's one of the few who get away. By that I mean that Stoke City slipped in for their kiddo while everybody at Old Trafford and Maine Road was taking time off for a nod.

Suburbs

He was born and bred in the busy northern suburbs of Manchester which, you may remember, have produced dozens of top players. For instance, Nobby Stiles, Brian Kidd, Harry Dowd, Nobby Lawton, George Smith, and so on. So, if you'll excuse the pun, Tony Waddington has been a jump ahead of the Reds and Blues for once.

Now, here comes **Joe The Throw.** Not Ian Hutchinson, of Chelsea, but **Joe Cooke,** one of Bradford City's rising starlets. Merely signed, just yet, on associated schoolboy forms, this Yorkshire lad has got 'em all gasping with touch-line throws into the penalty box. Sometimes as far as 40 yards!

Finally, let's think back to the halcyon days of the redoubtable Bill Foulkes, and then look into the future. Because Manchester United are beginning to groom his successor, a youngster who hails from the same glassblowing town of St. Helens, and, similarly, played rugger before being converted to soccer —**Bill Fairhurst,** well-built No. 5 in the youth team.

Goalkeepers next. The youngsters who are going to be shot at will be featured in the final article of this series. See you next month.

Llanelli for Europe? No says EUFA

THE Carmarthenshire town of Llanelli is better known for its rugby than its football. But the winning of the Welsh League Championship after a lapse of 38 years brought a new dream to West Wales—Llanelli in the European Cup.

Beaten only three times in their 34 matches, Llanelli felt there ought to be a place for them somewhere in Europe. But EUFA have made it clear there can be no qualification for any of their three inter-club competitions from the Welsh League.

The League gives access to neither the Champions Cup nor the Fairs Cup. The explanation from EUFA: "The Welsh League is not a national one because reserve teams compete in it."

Five reserve teams compete in the Welsh League—Cardiff City, Newport County, Swansea City, Merthyr Tydfil and Barry Town. The issue, however, isn't quite as simple as that.

Champions

By its very structure, the Welsh League is not national. Llanelli are not League champions of all-Wales but champions of the Southern section of the Welsh League.

Their secretary Walley Davies believes it is time that a north-and-south League was formed. "One of the objections to this," he says, "is that travel costs would go sky-high.

"But it's my view that the greater interest created by a League including the leading clubs from North Wales would offset the higher travel bill.

"I feel that the Welsh League should entitle the winner to qualify for something in Europe. Everyone needs an incentive."

Take-over

Welsh officials kept fingers-crossed that EUFA's take-over of the Fairs Cup would provide room for one club from the Principality. Wales, unfortunately, is the only one of EUFA's 33 member associations which is not qualified to enter the Fairs Cup.

"One's got to abide by the rules," said one leading Welsh football legislator. "Naturally we want to get as many of our clubs into Europe and while we cannot enter the Fairs Cup we feel our clubs are just as strong if not stronger, than some who take part."

From Wales, the only acceptable route to Europe is the Welsh Cup, won last month (May) by Cardiff City and never can there have been a more predictable qualifier for the European Cup Winners Cup.

Such is Cardiff's monopoly of the Welsh Cup, that next season will be their fifth consecutive appearance in the opening Cup Winners Cup draw. Semi-finalists once, quarter-finalists twice, Cardiff have more than justified their almost annual European appearance.

In 28 ties since their last Welsh Cup defeat—against Swansea at Ninian Park in February 1966—Cardiff have won 24 and drawn four, scored 86 goals and conceded 16. Their victims in the final were Wrexham.

Ron Davies of Wales with Martin Peters of England.

Ten years

The Racecourse club has been dreaming of Europe ever since Swansea first carried the Welsh flag into the Cup Winners Cup ten years ago. After finishing in the top ten of the Third Division for the first time in their 50-year League history, Wrexham were better equipped than any other Welsh club to attempt to end Cardiff's hogging of the Cup.

Their challenge, however, never got off the ground. Bobby Woodruff scored after five minutes and that was sufficient to decide the first leg tie before a crowd of 14,000.

The return at Ninian Park two days later was largely ignored by a public still obviously disappointed by Cardiff's missing of the promotion boat. Thirteen short of 5,000 represented the lowest gate of the season but the thinly populated terraces didn't bother Ian Gibson, whose late show brought two glorious goals and swept Cardiff home 3-1.

The Cup final made a piece of rather obscure history. For it was the last to be decided on a points basis. At last the Welsh FA have had the commonsense to introduce the obvious factor—goal aggregate.

The outmoded points system was such that in 1965, Cardiff lost 1-0 at Wrexham. They won the home leg 5-1 and yet because the clubs were level with two points each, a play-off was ordered —at Shrewsbury, where Cardiff won 3-0.

Promotion

If Cardiff's promotion miss was the season's saddest tale from Wales, then there was none more outstanding than the club's run to the final of the FA Youth Cup.

Despite prising a 0-0 draw from the first leg at Highbury, Cardiff lost at home to Arsenal's efficient youngsters in the middle of a week when their elders had won the League Championship and when they were about to take the FA Cup for good measure.

A goalkeeper's error enabled Arsenal to break more than two hours of deadlock. In the end they won 2-0 and left Cardiff wondering what might have been had their aggressive Welsh Youth striker Derek Showers been fit.

PETER JACKSON

Bene is out of touch

by LESLIE VERNON

Mihaly Kozma of Honved and Hungary.

IN evaluating the result of an international match, one has to read the Press reactions of the countries concerned to arrive at a fair conclusion. Judging by the jubilant tone of the French commentators, the drawn Hungary v. France European Championship match was a great triumph for French football, and the final proof that they have "arrived".

Considering that France previously beat Belgium at Brussels and forced a 2-2 draw at Valencia against Spain, these opinions were very flattering to Hungary. My guess is that our French colleagues still believe in the myth of the greatness of Hungarian football, although it is undeniable that tradition is on the Magyars' side.

Of the 13 full-internationals played between the countries, Hungary won ten and lost only twice. Since the war, all six previous matches ended in Hungarian victories (2-1, 2-0, 3-2, 3-1, 2-1, 4-2).

Great disappointment

Of the Hungarians, Juhasz, Zambo and, at last, Kocsis had outstanding games, and most of the others were adequate. Bene's performance was the one great disappointment. This usually reliable class-forward is going through a bad patch just now, he persists in doing the wrong things at the wrong time, and has mislaid his scoring boots. His luck must change soon, otherwise Hoffer has to look for a replacement—the question is, where?

Apart from the 12 selected against France, there are no more than five players of international class—Meszoly, Vidats, E. Dunai, Halmosi and Geczi. A sad situation, which can only be changed by arranging as many Under-23 matches as possible, and hope that the younger players will develop rapidly. Hungary has received and accepted an invitation from Brazil to play one of the "Pelé-farewell" matches.

This game, scheduled for July 21, will be an ideal opportunity for Brazil to revenge their World Cup defeats in 1954 and 1966. (On present form they shouldn't have any difficulty!)

Provincial club

In the meantime, Ujpesti Dozsa are galloping away from the field in the League race. They regularly squeeze home by a narrow margin, and gather points while their chief rivals keep on faltering. Salgotarjan, a provincial club without a single full-international in their ranks, are the revelation of the spring season. They have either beaten or taken points off all the big clubs.

Their latest victims were Ferencvaros, who they defeated at the Nepstadium 1-0 with a Kajdi goal. All praise to their coach, Dr. Ede Moor, not only for the good results, but for his brave approach to the fixtures. Most provincial clubs go to Budapest hoping for an honourable defeat, and perhaps dreaming of a draw.

Moor scorns this timidity, and if his methods are copied, there will be less boring over-defensive, back-to-the-wall battles for the fans to watch. Of course, there is a difference in class between the comparatively rich giants of the capital and the provincial teams. But the gap is not as wide as most of the minnows are brainwashed into accepting. "It's all in the mind"—a self-confident, positive attitude could shake a lot of people. With seven matches to go, here is my half-term markings.

DOZSA

Best of a mediocre lot. The absence of Gorocs has affected forward play, but the main trouble is that Fazekas, Bene and A. Dunai are off-form. On the credit side, there is the emergence of Horvath, Juhasz and the consistent excellence of Sandor Zambo.

HONVED

Changing coaches mid-season is seldom a good idea. New man Meszaros needs time to find the best blend. Kozma is still too "shy" and hasn't fully realised his immense potential. Kocsis has been playing well, but there is a lack of punch up-front.

FRADI

Inconsistency and lack of real scoring power keeps them back. Branikovits is too frail to shoulder the load, and his style is too similar to Albert—a goalscoring striker is urgently needed.

VASAS

Janos Farkas, scorer of the best goal in the 1966 World Cup, is on the scrap-heap due entirely to his own stupid off-the-field behaviour. The loss of this once great player plus Meszoly's injury, has handicapped coach Machos, but they might finish high enough for a UEFA Cup place.

MTK

Back in the doldrums after a bright autumn campaign. Was it a mirage or is the present slump only temporary? I have faith in Palicsko's judgement, and I am sure that the blue and whites will eventually come good.

Of the provincial clubs, apart from Salgotarjan, Videoton and Raba ETO are doing well, while Dunaujvaros and Szeged are relegation certs. Komlo will represent Hungary in next season's Cup Winners Cup as losing finalists to Dozsa. They are managed by the ex-"wonder-team" full-back, Lantos, and have a dangerous goalscoring centre-forward in Juhasz.

Footnote: The picture on top of this column last month was that of Istvan Juhasz (Ferencvaros). As the caption was omitted due to a "technical fault", some of our readers thought that it was me. I'd like to notify would-be fan-letter writers that although I am just as handsome as Juhasz, I am about 20 years more "mature".

WACKER AHEAD

WITH only six matches left the First Division league table in Austria has an old familiar look about it—Wacker, Austria, Rapid, Admira, Vienna in that order—but in reality it represents a revolution for the top two clubs who have set the pace all the way are not the Viennese clubs of the same name but provincials, Wacker Innsbruck and FK Austria Salzbourg.

Of the Viennese, only SC Rapid have been able to maintain contact with the leaders but even they are not even a shadow of the team they were in the now almost forgotten days of Hanappi.

Rapid's last chance was probably thrown away with the recent 3-1 defeat they sustained in Salzbourg though neither of the pacemakers has been really consistent. Wacker Innsbruck, for example, recently beat their main challengers Salzbourg by 2-1 in Innsbruck but the following weekend they were beaten 2-3 in the capital by First Vienna. After collecting two handsome points from their summit meeting with Rapid, Austria Salzbourg also had to visit Vienna and crashed 1-2 against Admira-Energie who play in the suburb of Sudstadt.

The original FK Austria, reigning champions under their former star Ernst Ocwirk last season, have been in difficulties since the early weeks of the campaign and like their neighbours, SC Wacker, they were at one time seriously threatened by the fear of relegation.

Regular commuters

After appointing a new manager—Karl Stotz, another former centre-half with the club—the Fussball Klub pulled away from the bottom and for good measure bea Sturm Graz by 5-1 in the FA Cup semi-final. In the other half of the draw an all-Vienna clash saw Rapid beat First Vienna 3-1 to produce the dream final at the Prater park ... FK Austria v. SC Rapid.

Meanwhile, SC Wacker of Vienna, regular commuters between the top two divisions since the war, have joined Bregenz and Radentheim at the bottom of the table and appear to be in real danger once more. Having torn themselves away from the danger zone, FK Austria were sufficiently alarmed to reopen the discussions begun last season that could lead to amalgamation with Admira-Energie. This time it seems there is a real possibility of agreement and if it comes off it will lead to further amalgamations for Vienna can no longer support five Division I clubs.

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Arsenal's play is limited...

IN this era of total commitment in physical terms and greater understanding of defensive tactics, winning the English First Division championship is no mean achievement. Indeed, with the possible exception of the Italian's Serie A there is no competition in the world in which there is a greater likelihood that the leaders might be beaten by the most lowly of opponents and the English game has the edge here because the necessary consistency is demanded over a longer period—a 42-match programme compared with only 30 in Italy.

Add to this programme a minimum of six matches required to win the FA Cup without allowing for any replays, and it follows that collecting a Cup and League double in modern conditions is no mean achievement. Yet having conceded these points, I still find it extremely difficult to admire any aspect of Arsenal's play in the 1970–71 season just ended and would never for one moment commend them as a model for others to copy.

There will be a great temptation to do so, particularly in clubs where the pressures are greatest — namely those clubs that have found success of any kind to be most elusive in recent years. Before attempting to make an objective analysis of Arsenal's play and players allow me first to make one point about the apparent hysterical joy with which the national press appear to have hailed the third successful double-bid of the century.

Liverpool goalkeeper Ray Clemence saves from Arsenal's George Armstrong during the 1971 FA Cup Final.

Discounted

In some quarters it will be alleged (with a degree of truth) that Arsenal were lucky but this is a factor which in my book must be discounted. In the long term it is one of my deepest convictions that teams and individuals make their own luck. There is a degree of fortune involved when teams are comparatively free from injuries and are able to turn out the same eleven week after week but to illustrate what I mean about luck—God helps those that help themselves.

Imagine a game situation in which one player has broken away with the ball and is completely free with only the goalkeeper to beat. On one hand three or four of the attacking player's colleagues might elect to back up their team-mate; putting in perhaps a 50-yard sprint to join him. On the other hand, imagine three or four defenders running hard "just in case" ... instead of standing on the half-way line appealing for "off-side" or worse—assuming that there is nothing to be done.

Now see what happens when the forward is slightly off target with his shot or the goalkeeper gets a touch to the ball to deflect it on to the bar or a post. The ball rebounds into play and whether or not a goal results will depend on how many players are "backing up". A hard-running defender might well clear the ball in such situations five or six times in a season, while sprinting to aid a team-mate who is away and apparently a certain scorer can result in the runner picking up half a dozen "soft" goals over the season.

Similarly there are many good teams in which the heads go down and enthusiasm wanes when they are losing while there are other teams who are at their best when they are a goal down. There are even individual players who can be outstanding in a winning team but by complaining and nagging at their colleagues when losing can be worth an extra man to the opposition when they are a goal or two behind.

Luck is, of course, a factor in success of any kind but in my view it should be discounted in team games like soccer because over a given period it invariably evens itself out. This week a referee might award you a doubtful goal and next week the appointed official will probably level things out by giving a doubtful penalty against you.

To delve too deeply into Arsenal's championship success is difficult because, for example, I certainly didn't see anything like even half their matches. I did see enough to enable me to give an objective assessment but to be fair I didn't see either of the matches which according to Arsenal coach Don Howe were their best performances. In the games I saw, Arsenal never at any time showed anything new or novel and overall their play was more than a little stereotyped. To put this another way their *vocabulary* in terms of team play was strictly limited and if it is clear that they have worked at game situations, they have so far been imitators and not innovators.

Significant

Tactically they were almost as negative and defence-orientated as the most effective of the Italian teams headed by Internazionale during the best years of Helenio Herrera. The only significant differences being the fact that Arsenal

Technical feature by ERIC BATTY

played with four across the back providing mutual-cover while Inter's 1-3-3-3 featured a *libero* in isolation at the back. They had one feature in common—attacking as they did from defensive strength with a basic 4-4-2 system at home and away—but in terms of quality Arsenal lacked the class of Inter players like Mazzola, Suarez and Corso. Indeed only two Arsenal players possessed any degree of real skill — Graham and George — the others tending to emphasise just how true it is today that soccer is the game of the working man.

Two distinct features of Arsenal's play that I didn't like were: the role of Storey in midfield, whose task seemed in essence to be precisely that given to Stiles in England's successful formula in 1966—let loose in front of the defence to snuff out any opponent who threatens to impose his skills in the open areas of midfield. The other feature I didn't like was the frequency with which Arsenal attacks culminated with the old-fashioned high cross which is far more hopeful that scientific or artistic. Without having seen too much of Arsenal during the season I would estimate from the games I saw that the overwhelming majority of their goals came from the old-fashioned high cross which contrasted with their attempts to build attacks in midfield.

Encouraged

On the credit side, in terms of technique, Arsenal did push up with their four midfield men when in possession and also their full-backs were encouraged to push up when opportunities presented themselves. For the set pieces—corners, Radford's long throws-in and free-kicks close to goal, all the big men stepped forward but never at any time did they ever go looking for goals with gay abandon.

Indeed, to me there was a strictly functional look about everything they did as if they had been able to calculate precisely everything that needed to be done to ensure victory and were determined not to take one step or one touch of the ball more than was strictly necessary.

Being critical, however, one must also be fair and concede that there are very few teams that can produce attractive football ... and make it pay. Here I would like to place on record my personal disappointment that Yugoslav champions Red Star failed to win their European Cup semi-final against Panathinaikos. Undoubtedly the absence of Dzajic and Antonjevic proved to be a vital factor—both suspended by UEFA in most extraordinary circumstances for four games and three games respectively. Had the Yugoslavs survived I have no doubt that between them they and the Dutch champions Ajax would have put on a splendid performance at Wembley.

In complete contrast to what I would have expected from such a European Cup Final the Arsenal-Liverpool affair was barely mediocre. Over the years I have come to expect that the big annual event at Wembley will be at least a partial let-down and this year was no exception. With two solidly uncompromising sets of defenders spread across the pitch it could hardly have been otherwise but paradoxically all three goals scored stemmed from glaring defensive errors.

If Arsenal had more of the play and should have settled matters before the need for extra time arose it did provide an opportunity to survey the Arsenal in ideal and almost neutral conditions.

Clearly they use only two front runners—Radford and Kennedy—the latter looking very promising to me, but this undoubtedly limits the various permutations that can be developed in attack. The possibilities are far greater with three men up but Arsenal compensate for this narrow front in attack by pushing forward on the flanks.

Rice and McNab, the full-backs, and Armstrong, Storey and Graham all figure frequently in combined attacks aimed at "turning" the enemy defenders. From there all too often the attack culminates in an unproductive high cross though clearly the players have been worked at one or two basic variations as illustrated in the diagrams.

Perhaps the best Arsenal move at Wembley began with Kelly winning the ball in midfield and running in possession "at" two Liverpool defenders. With Radford overlapping on his right, Kelly committed the first man to him and by threatening to go past him he also prevented the second man doing what he wanted—i.e. to lay off and cover Radford. Finally, at just the right moment Kelly released his pass as shown in diagram A, and first-time. Radford dropped his cross into space at the near post. Moving to meet this very well laid ball was Kennedy, unfortunately making his move just a fraction too early and consequently having his attempted deflection blocked by a defender who had seen him go and caught him.

Variation

Another simple variation is illustrated in Diagram B. Though the centre-forward is the player used as a *wall* I have seen Arsenal try this same move off the heads of Radford, Graham and Kennedy. A high cross is simply headed back in the direction from whence it came for a colleague to attempt a shot or header at goal. The primary objective here is to pull the goalkeeper and other defenders out of position. As illustrated it is Armstrong (7) who plays the high ball in, aimed at Radford's head and instead of attempting an orthodox header straight at goal the ball is nodded back ... in this case for Kennedy.

Both these moves are essentially simple and should not be beyond a competent amateur team. Bearing in mind that they represent the ultimate as presented by Arsenal in their double-winning season my queries regarding Arsenal of 1971 answer themselves. Not by any stretch of imagination can we classify them as a great side though we must acknowledge that winning the FA Cup and League in these days of fierce and physical competition is quite outstanding. Having just said that, spare a moment to reflect the thought that since 1955 the real double has yet to be achieved. It is, of course, the European Cup and the English League.

DIAGRAM A

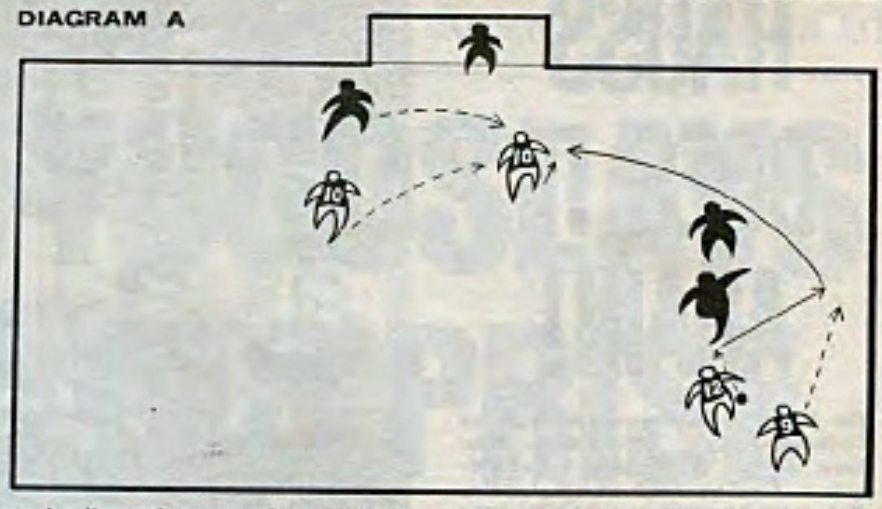
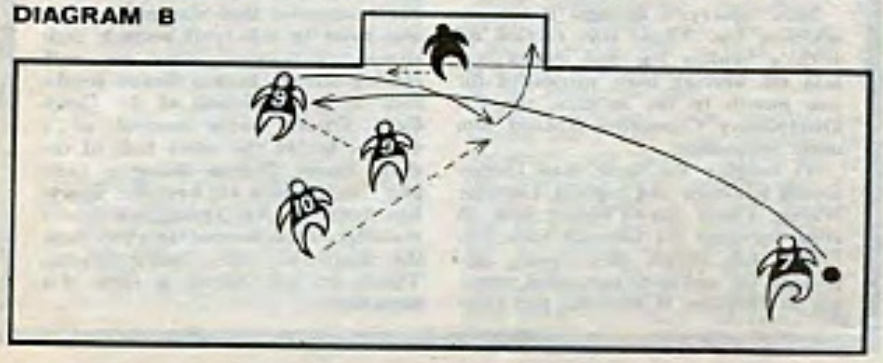


DIAGRAM B



HAUSS DOES IT AGAIN!

IN his third season as manager of Standard-Liege, French-born Rene Hauss clinched the Belgium league title again to keep his 100% record. Leading all the way, Standard won the vital away match against FC Bruges, unbeaten at home previously by 2-0 to move four points clear of the field and then almost inexplicably suffered a relapse. Having keyed themselves up for the big test at De Klocke in Bruges, Standard then proceeded to drop five points in their next three games.

Standard fans were most incensed when their biggest rivals, RSC Anderlecht, sneaked a 3-1 win over the Liege club at the Stade de Sclessin—their only home defeat of the season. With one game to spare, however, Standard returned to form and two goals from German-born centre-forward Erwin Kostedde helped gain a 4-0 home win over Cup finalists VV St. Trond that put the issue beyond doubt.

It also ensured that Kostedde took the leading scorers' trophy—26 goals in 30 games followed by Bruges' centre-forward Raoul Lambert (18). Standard also won the Trophee Pappaert awarded each season to the club with the longest run without defeat.

Presented

This trophy is presented annually by the Brussels paper *Les Sports* in commemoration of Jules Pappaert, the pre-war captain of Union St. Gilloise, who went 60 matches without defeat in the period 1933–35. Officially Standard's 1970–71 run was 18 matches though in fact if one discounts the statutory 0-5 defeat decided on by the FA after they had beaten Antwerp but used the wrong substitute their unbeaten run extended over their first 26 league matches.

In the FA Cup semi-finals VV St. Trond beat Second Division Zottegem 2-1 while Beerschot defeated RSC Anderlecht by 1-0. Standard had by that time already been eliminated by Anderlecht, who have had a comparatively poor season and doubling the ignominy of that league defeat when Liege fans wanted revenge.

La Gantoise finally lost their First Division status again, being virtually booked after they had crashed 0-5 away to Charleroi. The last named staged a big bid to avoid going down ... they were a surprising third two seasons ago ... but although they ended with three wins and two draws they were still one point short at the end.

Standard Liege, back row left to right: Dolmans, Beurlet, Pilot, Dewalque, Piot, Thissen. Front: Semmeling, Van Moer, Kostedde, Depireux, Cvetler.

Players forgiven in Czechoslovakia

AFTER drawn games in the autumn at home to Finland and Poland, the Czechoslovakia FA faced public apathy and the knowledge that it would be difficult to find anyone to take over the national side if the suspensions which followed the World Cup in Mexico were made to stick.

Early in April the decision was made—all the players were forgiven, but hardly had the announcement been made before Ladislav Petras was in trouble again. It was Petras who scored that spectacular opening goal for the Czechs against Brazil and soon after the resumption which follows the winter break he collided with another international, Vaclav Migas, in the league match between Inter-Bratislava and Sparta Prague.

Suspended

Most observers thought it was an accident but Migas was carried off with a broken leg and Petras was sent off. Having been suspended for one month in the autumn, the FA Disciplinary Committee banned him until September.

At roughly the same time former Dukla left-back and captain, Ladislav Novak, Czech record holder with 75 caps, accepted the national team job. Novak left Dukla three years ago, playing for and later becoming manager of Division II Jablonec and from the Czech standpoint his first objective was a tough one: victory over Wales at Swansea in a European Championship game.

Novak picked his squad wisely, preferring Slovan left-winger Jan Capkovic to his club-mate Jokl and playing Taborsky at left-back instead of Hagara ... because the last-named attacked too much!

A depleted Welsh team put up only token resistance but led 1-0 when three goals in five minutes left them shattered and the Czechs' comfortable winners—Capkovic (2) and Taborsky getting the goals.

Threatened

In the league race Spartak Trnava are having the championship forced on them despite two defeats in three games against Inter and relegation-threatened Lokomotive Kosice (1-0). Their six-point lead was cut only by one point in this spell because their closest challengers failed as well. Having already beaten Slovan Bratislava in the semi-final of the Czech Cup, Trnava seem assured of a double, for in the other half of the draw Sparta Prague Reserves (who play in Division II) beat the Sparta first team by 2-1. Dukla and Slavia recently pulled themselves away from the relegation zone, Dukla beating Trinec by 6-2 before a mere 431 spectators.

International Post-Mortem by Roger Macdonald

YUGOSLAVS SURPRISE GERMANS

IN the European International Championship, a precarious victory for the Czechs against Rumania; big wins for Portugal and England against mediocre opposition; Switzerland keep their 100 per cent record by beating Greece; and, most spectacular of all, Yugoslavia beat East Germany in Leipzig to take an option on a place in the last eight.

The East Germans have fallen back from the high standard they set last year, but for all that, they are not a team to be dismissed lightly on their own ground. In blazing sunshine a crowd of 105,000 turned out in their shirtsleeves at the Central Stadium to see Yugoslavia seize immediate control of the match.

In only 20 minutes, the Slavs were 2-0 ahead, first through Filipovic — who, mark my words, is an international star of the future — then through Djajic. Indeed, so brilliant was the Yugoslav passing, so varied their choice of approaches to goal, that it seemed East Germany might be completely overrun. It was quite remarkable to watch players as capable as Sammer and Strempel literally chasing shadows on this sunlit afternoon.

Sammer of East Germany.

The East Germans came more into the match during the second half, when Löwe, brought on as a substitute for Vogel, who seemed to be dragging his left leg, scored a scrappy goal. But even at 2-1 Yugoslavia scarcely broke into a sweat, and although Germany expended appreciable energy, they never appeared likely to save the game.

In Prague a week later, Sunday, May 16, Czechoslovakia huffed and puffed and finally blew down the Rumanian defensive wall. Watched by such dignitaries as the head of the national party Gustav Husak and the Slovak party leader Josef Lenart, the Czechs seemed eager to do well, and almost paid for their over-anxiety.

Massed defence

Rumania, apparently aware of their midfield superiority but playing religiously to instructions, massed their team in defence and challenged the Czechs to winkle them out. This the Czechs seemed unable to do until the 75th minute, when Dinu handled the ball and the referee gave a penalty. But Adamec took an inordinately long run and 35,000 spectators groaned in unison as the ball sailed high over the bar. It was perhaps fortunate for Adamec's future international aspirations that Frantisek Vesely won the game for Czechoslovakia two minutes from the end after a laborious scramble in front of the Rumanian goal.

While England were scoring goals against Malta with more monotony than regularity, and Gordon Banks was resting peacefully in his penalty area, Switzerland reminded us all that there may still be a real contest in this group. Not that the Swiss, beaten 4-2 in a friendly by Poland a few days before, were in inspired form against Greece. The only goal came from Karl Odermatt late in the match, when the Greeks, deprived once again of any Panathinaikos players, seemed content to play out time.

Italy's 2-1 win over the Republic of Ireland did little to satisfy the critics. Only the Inter full-back Burgnich escaped the general indictment of the Italian press. Milan's *Il Giorno* said the team as a whole was "sunk in a mediocre midfield", that Mazzola in particular had a terrible match, and that the Irish goal came from a stupid blunder in the Italian defence.

The Spaniards, too, made rather heavier work of beating Cyprus than their own press would have liked. Although Pirri headed an excellent goal soon after the start, Spain looked ponderous in their approach work, and could not score again until five minutes from time.

Still, at least the Spaniards won. Poland dropped a precious point against Albania in Tirana, despite scoring after only six minutes. So it looks like West Germany to qualify from this group.

Outstanding

In Oporto, Portugal drew level with Belgium in Group Five by beating Denmark 5-0, although the Belgians have a game in hand. Denmark were no match for the Portuguese, for whom Eusebio and Victor Batista proved outstanding. Both scored twice, Batista's second and Portugal's fourth coming from a remarkable dribble past four players.

The farcical doublethink of the Olympic football tournament was splendidly illustrated by Bulgaria, who drew 1-1 in a friendly with the Soviet Union, then fielded virtually the same team against the Great Britain amateur side. Needless to say the Bulgarian "non-professionals" won 5-0 in Sofia—an inevitable result that makes the British 1-0 win at Wembley in the first leg all the more glorious.

Classified Results

FEBRUARY 24

Scotland Under '23 (2) 2 (Kelly, Robb)
England Under '23 (1) 2 (Lloyd, Currie) 13,839

Scotland: MacRae; Jardine, Blackley, Connelly, Hay; Forsyth, Kelly; Young, Robb, Jarvie, Duncan.
England: Clemence; Parkin, Todd, Lloyd, Robson; Piper, Hudson, Nish; Hutchinson, Channon, Currie.

APRIL 4

Austria (0) 0 35,000
Hungary (0) 2 (Bene 2)

Austria: Reltensleiner; Fak, Sturmberger (Horvath), Schumacher, Krauss; Starek, Hof, Fitmayer; Kreuz, Leitner (Kodat), Gallos (Gasser).
Hungary: Rothermel; Nosko, Mezosly (Juhasz), Vidats, Pancsics; Dunai III, Albert, Kocsis (Szucs); Fazekas, Bene, Zambo.
Ref: Kamber/Switzerland.

APRIL 21

Yugoslavia (0) 0 20,000
Rumania (0) 1 (Dembrovski)

Yugoslavia: Vukovic (Durkovic); Pavlovic, Paunovic, Holcer, Rajkovic (Stephanovic); Antonijevic, Oblak, Djordjevic; Jerkovic, Bukal (Bejkovic), Dzajic.
Rumania: Radicanu; Stamareanu, Dumitru, Jurel, Mocanu; Dinu, Dan Coe; Dembrovski, Neagu (Manoiler), Dumitrache, Licescu.
Ref: Papavassiliou/Greece.

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP

FEBRUARY 3

Cyprus (0) 0
Northern Ireland (0) 3

Cyprus: Herodotous; Katos, Kavazis, Koureas, Foiis; Stephanos, Kalis, Karalambous; Vasiou, Bambouris, Stylianou.
Northern Ireland: Jennings; Craig, Hunter, Neill, Nelson; Todd, McMordie, Nicholson; Hamilton, Dougan, Best.

Malta (0) 0
England (1) 1 (Peters)

Malta: Mizzi; Grima, F. Micallef, Camilleri, Mallia; Vassallo, Darmanin, Theobald; Cocks, Cini, Arpa.
England: Banks, Reaney, McFarland, Hunter, Hughes, Mullery, Ball, Peters, Harvey, Royle, Chivers.
Ref: Marschall/Austria.

Belgium (1) 3 (Van Himst 3, 1 pen.)
Scotland (0) 0 25,000

Belgium: Piot; Heylens, Dewalque, Plankie, Thissen; Van Moer, Depireux, Van de Daele; Semmeling, Van Himst, Denul.
Scotland: Cruikshank; Hay, McKinnon, Moncur, Tommy Gemmell; Stanton (Forrest), Greig, Cooke, Archie Gemmill; Stein (Green), O'Hare.
Ref: Shardella/Italy.

FEBRUARY 24

Holland (4) 6 (Cruyff 2, Keizer 2, Lippens, Suurbier) 40,000
Luxembourg (0) 0

Holland: Van Beveren; Suurbier, Israel, Neeskens, Drost; Jansen, Van Hanegem, Pahlplatz, Lippens, Cruyff, Keizer.
Luxembourg: Rene Hoffmann; Schmidt, Fleughi, Jeitz, Jempy Hoffmann; Pilot, Philipp, Nicolas, Hoffmann; Dussier, Braun, Kirchens.
Ref: Barjrami/Albania.

APRIL 5

Yugoslavia (1) 2 (Jerkovic, Dzajic)
Holland (0) 0 20,000

Yugoslavia: Vukovic; Pavlovic, Stephanovic, Antonijevic (Rajkovic), Paunovic; Holcer, Petkovic; Jerkovic; Bukal (Djekovic), Acimovic, Dzajic.
Holland: Van Beleren; Suurbier, Neeskens, Strik, Drost (Klijnjan); Mulren, Jansen, Wery; Mulders, Van Hanegem, Keizer.
Ref: Tschenscher/West Germany.

APRIL 21

England (1) 3 (Chivers, Hurst, Lee)
Greece (0) 0 55,000

England: Banks; Storey, McFarland, Moore, Hughes; Mullery, Ball, Peters; Lee, Chivers, Hurst.
Greece: Christidis; Gaitatzis, Spyridon, Toskas, Stathopoulos; Kampas, Sinetopoulos (Chaitas), Deiles; Kouiles, Papaioannou, Kritikopoulos.
Ref: Hirvisaari/Finland.

Switzerland (4) 5 (Blattler, Kunzli, Quentin, Citherlet, Muller)
Malta (0) 0 18,000

Switzerland: Prosperi; Chagnisat; Bofi, Citherlet, Ramseier (Weibel); Odermatt, Kuhn, Blattler; Muller, Kunzli, Quentin.
Maltas: Mizzi; F. Micallef; Grima, Camilleri, Mallia; Vassallo, Darmanin, Bonett; Cocks, Cini, Arpa (Della).
Ref: G. Michaelsen/Denmark.

Northern Ireland (2) 5 (Best 3, Dougan, Nicholson) 35,000
Cyprus (0) 0

Northern Ireland: Jennings; Craig, Hunter, Todd, Clements; Harvey, McMordie, Nicholson; Hamilton, Dougan, Best.
Cyprus: Herodotous; Katos, Koureas, Kavazis, Fokis; Stephanos, Kallis, Bambouris; Vasiou, Tasos, Sylianou.
Ref: Colling/Luxembourg.

Wales (0) 1 (R. Davies, pen.) 20,000
Czechoslovakia (0) 3 (Jan, Capkovic 2, Taborsky)

Wales: Millington; Rodrigues, James, Walley, Thomas; Durban, Phillips, Rees, Ron Davies, Wyn Davies, Mahoney.
Czechoslovakia: Viktor; Dobias, Hrivnak, Taborsky, Desiatnik; Pollak, Strutil, Kuna; Vesely, Adamec, Capkovic.
Ref: Bostrom/Sweden.

Portugal (1) 2 (Stanton o.g., Eusebio)
Scotland (0) 0 35,000

Portugal: Damas; Da Silva, Humberto, Jose Carlos, Rodrigues; Adolfo, Nene, Baptista; Perez, Eusebio, Simoes.
Scotland: Clark; Hay, McKinnon, Moncur; Brogan; Stanton, McCalliog, Cormack; Henderson, Robb, Gilzean.

APRIL 25

Turkey (0) 0 45,000
West Germany (1) 3 (Gerd Muller 2, Koppel)

Turkeys: Ali, Ogur Mehmet, Muzaffer, Ercan, Alpaslan; Ziya, Kamuran, Sanli; Isikal Mehmet, Cemil, Ender.
West Germany: Maier; Vogts, Weber, Beckenbauer, Patzke; Wimmer, Koppel (Flohe), Netzer; Grabowski, Muller, Heynckes.
Ref: Kreschvik/Russia.

Hungary (0) 1 (Kocsis, pen.) 45,000
France (0) 1 (Revelli)

Hungary: Rothermel; Nosko, Pancsics, Sztics, Juhasz; Zambo, Kocsis; Fazekas, Bene, Albert, Kozma (Karsai).
France: Carnus; Lemera, Cameroni, Bosquier, Djorkaeff; Michel, Novi, Lech, Di Nallo (Loubet), Revelli, Berela.
Ref: Campos/Portugal.

East Germany (1) 2 (Kreische, Frenzel)
Luxembourg (0) 1 (Dussier) 15,000

East Germany: Croy; Gemzera, Sammer, Brausch, Strempel; Weise, Schlutter; Stein, Frenzel, Sparwasser (Richter), Kreische.
Luxembourg: Rene Hoffman; J. P. Hoffman, Fleughi, Jeitz, Johnny Hoffmann; Triarweiler, N. Hoffmann; Dussier, De Genova, Braun, Kirchens.
Ref: Wilson/Northern Ireland.

Vital games around Europe

Beerschot 2, Saint Trond 1

Although Standard Liege and Bruges contested the Belgian Championship, neither side reached the Belgian Cup final—won by Beerschot of Antwerp in a splendid match at Brussels on May 16 that, like the FA Cup final, was settled only in extra time.

Beerschot were well in command during the first half, and deserved their first goal from Houben, scored in the 27th minute. But Saint Trond looked full of running after the interval, and drew level on the hour through Lievens.

Full time came without any further score, and so did the first half of extra time; but with just eight minutes remaining Beerschot's Finnish centre-forward Tolsa got the goal that put them in the European Cup Winners Cup next season.

Benfica 5, Academica 1

For Benfica, ending the season with a flourish, another title. This match against one of the best defences in the league showed that they could once again be a force in Europe, especially now that they have taken some of the weight off Eusebio by signing Artur Jorge from ... Academica.

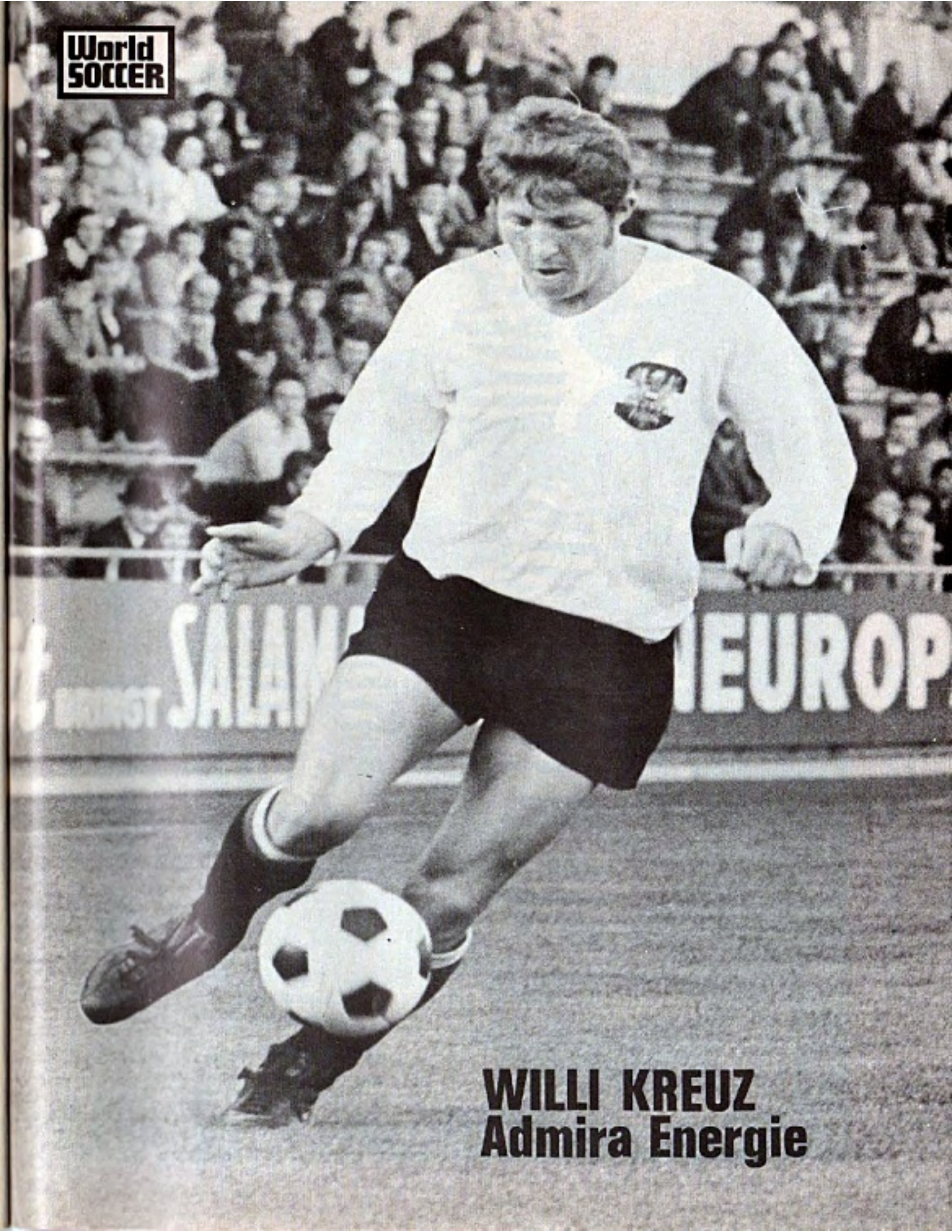
With Sporting Lisbon held to a goalless draw by Tirsense, Jorge took his chance to win the golden ball for the highest league scorer given each year by the football magazine *A Bola*. He needed two goals to beat Sporting's Batista, and scored them in the second half, after Eusebio and Nene had softened up the Academica defence in the first quarter of an hour.

Saint Etienne 2, Bordeaux 3

If you can imagine a situation whereby on the eve of their critical league match against Spurs, Arsenal discovered that Leeds United had a verbal agreement to sign Bob Wilson and Frank McLintock, then you have an idea of the incredible storm that has burst upon French football.

For just before Saint Etienne played Bordeaux, Marseille announced that two of the side leading them by three points in the championship, goalkeeper Carnus and centre-half Bosquier had agreed to join them next season. The Saint Etienne supporters were furious, and they spent almost the entire match whistling every time Carnus or Bosquier touched the ball.

St. Etienne took a two-goal lead over Bordeaux after 37 minutes, only to lose 3-2. Carnus, clearly upset by the situation, was partly responsible for all three goals scored against him.



WILLI KREUZ
Admira Energie

JUVENTUS of Italy Back row, left to right: Salvadore, Spinosi, Haller, Bettega, Tancredi, Morini.
Front: Capello, Cuccureddu, Anastasi, Marchetti, Furino.